

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

August, 1930

10¢



“The House of Scandal”

BY

William Hamilton Osborne

A Two Part Novelette Commencing With This Issue

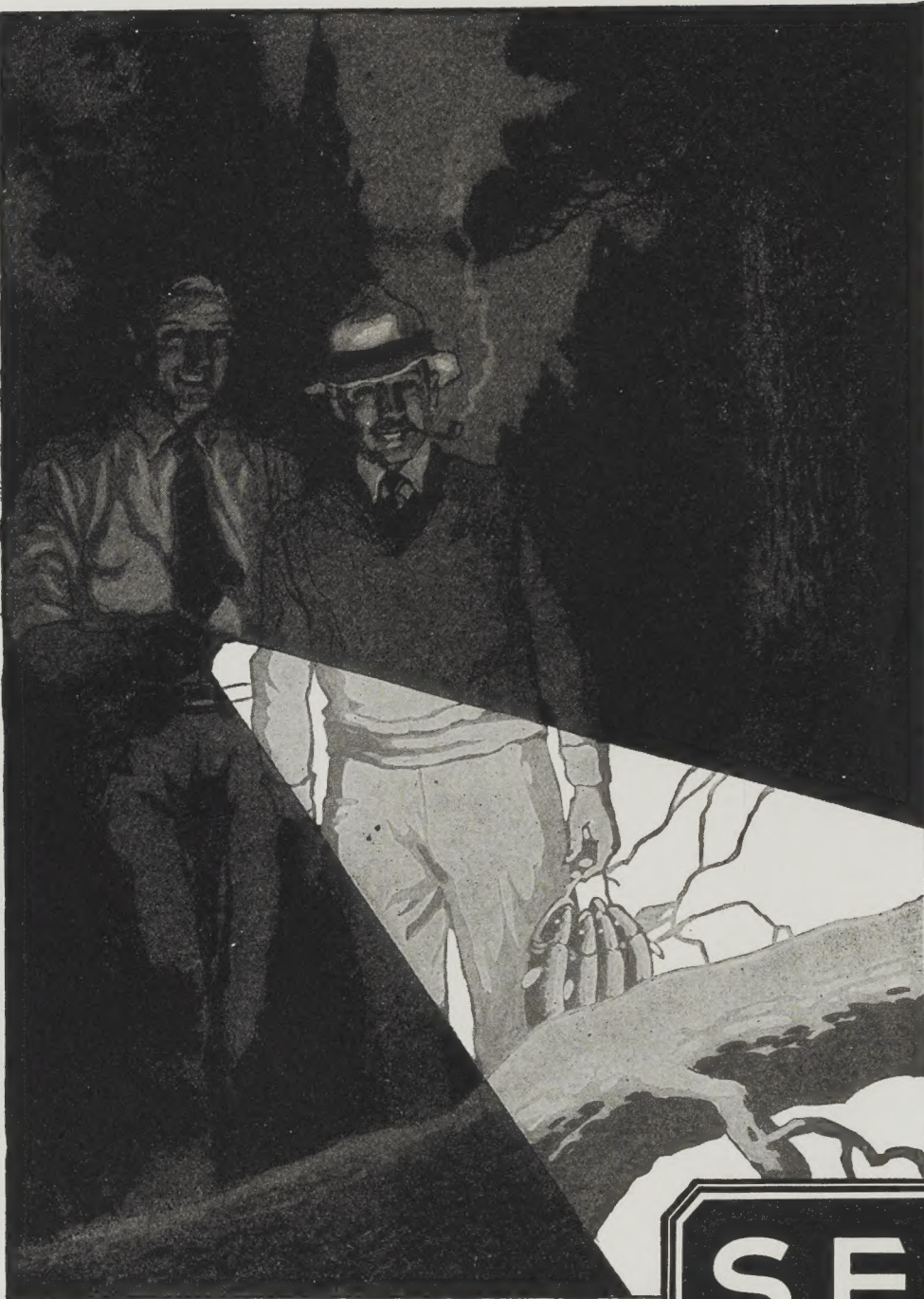


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FINDS PARIS MEDICAL LEADER



Dr. Louis Dartigues says, "*Clean Intestines key to Vitality*"

THIS message from a former president of the Society of Medicine of Paris is addressed to everyone who wants better health without "dosing."

Dr. Dartigues is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and president-founder of the great Franco-Ibero-American Medical Union. He declares:

"The foundations of mental health and bodily vigor lie in a clean intestinal condition. Yet cathartics should not be often resorted to.

"An active yet harmless product is required," he explains. "Such a product is yeast . . . Yeast keeps intestines clean and maintains vitality."

Benefit by this great physician's lifetime of experience! Banish all-day fatigue . . . build up new reserves of health with this remarkable food that thousands eat regularly every day!

Fleischmann's Yeast frees your system from poisons caused by clogging bowel wastes . . . promotes assimilation of energy-yielding foods. Intestines are strengthened. Elimination becomes normal. Your whole system is purified, invigorated!

Simply eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day. You can get it at grocers', soda fountains, drug stores and restaurants. Directions on label.



"My own doctor urged me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast"

"I was sick and yet not sick," writes MISS LORAIN ADAMS of Los Angeles (above). "My doctor said my system was sluggish and suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate it, and soon felt and looked ever so much better."



(Left) "For several years after my return from service in the War I was badly run-down," writes G. ALLAN INGRAM, of Toronto. "Then I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I now feel better than I have in years."

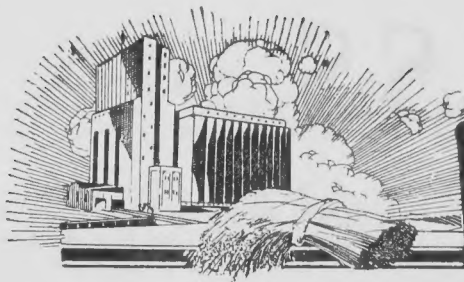
Scientists explain Yeast's Action:—

PROF. DR. JULIUS CITRON, Berlin metabolism expert, explains: "Medical experience confirms laboratory results with yeast. It purifies the intestinal tract . . . increases energy."

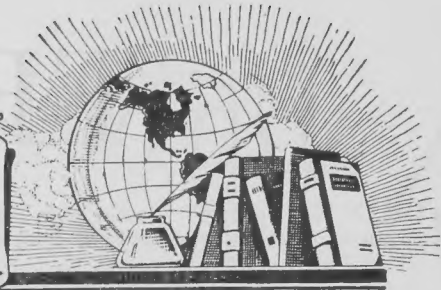
DR. PAUL GASTOU, dermatologist of the famous St. Louis Hospital, Paris, says: "Yeast has a cleansing action in the intestines . . . is useful in the treatment of skin troubles."

HOFERAT PROF. DR. ADOLF CLUSS, noted Vienna nutrition authority, declares: "Yeast stimulates digestion and assimilation. It is a means of building up health and strength."

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada by Canadians



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXI

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 8

England and Free Trade

OLD ENGLAND, mother of free trade! Can it be that after the years she is confessing her policy to be a mistaken one? Or is it that a policy which is right and workable in one age or under certain conditions may be wrong and unworkable at another time? May it not even be that nations in their development have to be governed in turn by three policies—free trade, protection, and then reciprocal free trade?

That was a very catching phrase which the economists used when England was laying the foundations of her commercial greatness. "Let us buy in the cheapest market and let us sell in the dearest." It suited the producer and it suited the consumer, and there was nobody else to please. And because the Motherland had coal and iron and because she had a practical monopoly of sea trade, she was able to realize her ideals. National free trade meant success. True there was need of revenue but it was easily possible to tax luxuries and to impose excise duties. There was no one in the whole island who would agree to a tax on foods and other life necessities. So in general, happiness prevailed. There was work for all. England's wares went to the Continent, to America, to the Islands of the sea, and her vessels brought back furs from Canada, rugs from India, silks and laces from France, and treasures of all kinds from the Far East. Those seem to have been the golden days for English trade. The Free Trade policy was sound. It worked.

But the time came when other countries began to manufacture wares equal in quality to those produced in England. France, Germany, America, became competitors for world trade and even outbid England in her own home markets. Further than that, the foodstuffs came from afar and were available at prices that could not be met by English growers. Then arose a cry from one section—"Let us erect a barrier against imported wares," and from another side "Let us raise a barrier against imported grain!" So there was a divided opinion. Then came the War and with it attempts at readjustment. England no longer held full control of the seas, she no longer had larger and better mills than other lands, she no longer was independent of the Dominions. In the world's markets she was losing out. Her factories were not running to the full. Her coal mines were not being operated to full capacity. Unemployment, the dole, were common experiences in every town. Then the cry became more insistent, "Give us a living price for our own grain, give us a home market for our factory products. Put up the bars. Let us be self-contained. At least let the Empire be self-contained." So the revolution in sentiment. The Liberals, true to tradition, will fight for retention of the old system, but the dice are loaded the other way. Britain before long will have a protective tariff. At least industries will be safeguarded. Duty on foodstuffs will come later.

But let no one think that is the end. There was a day when Free Trade was right and proper. It may be true that now there is need for a measure of protection to prevent collapse. There is, however, another age coming when all protective tariffs in all lands will have to be revised, for the world is now a unit. Each nation is a member of an organism. It is useful to the whole and yet dependent upon the whole. The world cannot be at peace until international understanding is secured and until the motto of each nation is not "Each for itself," but "Each for all and all to Each." Then England will again give to the world what she is best able to produce and in return will receive those things which others can produce more cheaply.

For a time there will be lands to which she can send nothing because they have nothing to return, or because the inhabitants live on so low a scale they are not able to purchase. Then will it be necessary for new missionary work to be done. Trained workers and thinkers must begin a campaign of education to exalt life in uncivilized lands, and thus pave the way for new commerce. Above all the Motherland will say to all other countries: "Come let us be friends. Lower your barriers and we shall lower ours. Let nationalism give way to internationalism, and so let universal free trade usher in the days of peace."

The real fight in the world today is not over armaments but over tariffs. The way to end war is not to work for disarmament but for the abolition of tariff walls. In this the nations must act together. Is Canada leading the way?

In only once weird Time has rent asunder

The curtain of the Clouds and shown us Night

Climbing onto the awful Infinite,

Those stairs whose steps are worlds above and under
Glory on glory, wonder upon wonder!

It was a poet's mind that gave birth to this thought, but every lover of childhood and youth can take it to heart and will know that playtime in God's open is not lost time, but seeding time. Then thoughts, feelings, ideas, ideals are born. There is no school like the school the children call "Out of doors." And those who minister to the needs of children have their reward, for they find life in losing it in unselfish service.

As for older folk, does not this little poem of T. Morris Longstreth say it all?

Unemployment

THE Western Home Monthly is indebted to those who have expressed an opinion on unemployment—its cause and cure. Some of those writing do not appear to grasp the central thought of the article in last month's issue, which was this, that in nation building the comfort, happiness and well-being of the people is first in importance, and big business but second, and second only when it contributes to the first. There have been several valuable suggestions made, and some contributions that were interesting enough but which offered no constructive policy at all. One good writer seemed to think the article was an attack on implement dealers, and that there was some sinister motive behind it all. Not at all—Unemployment is the most serious problem in Canada, United States and in the Motherland, and no one has yet been able to suggest a remedy. In a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. Try again.

About Editorials

AMONG the friends of the Editor of this magazine, is a newspaper man whose work is the writing of editorials. He sometimes speaks sadly about the way so many people say they seldom read editorials. The writer of editorials finds it lamentable to see a person take up a newspaper, glance at the front page headlines, turn with interest to the sports pages, and then give his mind to the comic strips. He says that public affairs have to be discussed, and it is not easy to make the discussion of them always entertaining. Good government, whether Municipal, Provincial or Federal, requires an informed and active public mind, and how can there be any such thing, he asks, if there is not discussion of public affairs in newspapers and magazines? Every good project of reform and progress requires such discussion, and requires also a great deal of repetition in the discussion, if anything is to be accomplished. And so the editorials fulfill a necessary function, even if sometimes they are tiresome. They are designed to help good citizenship. If they fail to live up to that responsibility, the way to compel them to do so is for the readers to make themselves heard about it. We welcome the viewpoint of others.

There is no more interesting feature in the production of a modern magazine than a study of the volume of correspondence and manuscripts that come to the editor's desk by every mail. Two people, perhaps of the same calling, of supposedly equal intelligence and sympathies, will take the most diverse views of the same subject, and generally speaking both will have an element of truth in their argument. The editor's duty then becomes a balancing of adjustment—a task beset with many difficulties. But, as already stated, the average publication likes criticism as well as commendation, for both bespeak of an earnest reader interest.

Vacation

*Now have we space to realize the night,
And time to watch the gliding of the hours,
Here are old trees, silence, and simple light,
The ancient cure for streets and troubled towers
And the too crowded heart. Today shall reap
Time's fullness close, and with the falling sun
Bear rich store home, that memory may keep
One perfect fortnight from oblivion.*

*A tilted moon seeks harbor in the west,
The orchard is becalmed above the grass,
The drifting fireflies signal as they pass,—
Anchor with peace tonight and be at rest.
Tomorrow, the distraction and the din,
But now God's leisure and a song within!*

The Summer Vacation

FOR children and young people who are in a position to run wild and enjoy nature, the summer vacation is the most educative period of the year. It is city children who are at a disadvantage. To some of them a single day in the fields or at the lakeside is a memory never to be forgotten; to others an afternoon in the park is the highest luxury. Thanks to the generous impulse in the hearts of those who love the young, thousands have been cared for and given this year a week's outing at the summer resorts. No greater gift than this could have been conferred on children. Young people who live in touch with nature for a part of summer have a memory that remains with them for the year.

If only once blind eyes have seen the Spring
Waking among the triumphs of midnoon,
But once have seen the lovely Summer boon
Pass by in state like a full-robed king,
The water's dance, the woodlands laugh and sing.

If only once deaf ears have heard the joy
Of the wild birds, or morning breezes blowing,
Of silver fountains from their caverns flowing,
Or the deep-voiced rivers rolling by
Then Night eternal fallen from the sky.

FEARLESSNESS

—By—

Lady Hay Drummond-Hay

Contributed Exclusively to The Western Home Monthly

IMAGINE yourself freed from the shackles and leaden weights of Fear of Death, fear of censure, of loss of money or employment, fear of your own urges or inhibitions—fear of Life itself! Imagine that you dare to be in real life the hero or heroine of your own dreams, of thrilling adventure, spectacular enterprise and dramatic achievement—a Lindbergh, a Rockefeller, a Basil Zaharoff! On the wings of such freedom, Man has risen to his Olympus of success.

Fearlessness is an attitude of mind, and the magic armor of gods among men. Fearlessness makes gods of men. Fearlessness is mastery. Fear is the greatest human infirmity which stands between Man and godhead. Fear rules the world. The fearless rule the fearful, and are the "super-men" of each successive age.

The talisman of the so-called "charmed lives" of those exposed to greatest risk—kings, dictators, adventurers—is fearlessness. Mussolini told me himself that he does not fear the assassin's hand. An attempt on his life, and they have been many more than the public knows, leaves him unmoved. King Alfonso of Spain bears a "charmed life," as did Spain's late dictator, Primo de Rivera. The very day following an attempted assassination, I saw Primo de Rivera laughing and joking in a public café in Madrid, heedless of remonstrances and warnings. During the pioneer period of Kemal Pasha's reforms and forcible—at the time unwelcome—Westernization of Turkey, I used to see the Ghazi, "Conqueror," as he is hailed, driving unconcernedly through the streets of Angora-in-the-making to the "Angora Club," a mere shack in those days, open and free to all-comers. The keen blue eyes of Ghazi Kemal might scan the mixed company with interest, but never hesitation. General Gordon of Khartoum fame felt sufficiently armed with a Bible and a cane.

Fearlessness in such cases is an armor against hundreds of ill-intentioned wills, and as often as not, creates fear in the heart or mind of the antagonist.

It is fearlessness to which the world owes some of the greatest explorations and scientific developments. It was the fearlessness of the Wright brothers twenty-five years ago, that has given us Aviation. Fearlessness of pioneers jewelled the Crown with the lands of the British Empire. Fearlessness of patriots created countries from colonies, as in the case of America. National fearlessness has won national freedom—Turkey, for instance, when she broke the Treaty of Sévres. Fearlessness of prophets, philosophers, inventors, traders, has given the world new religions, new doctrines, new hope, new progress and industries, blazed daring trails across oceans, through jungles or ice-lands, and are now defying the storm gods of the airways.

FEAR of censure breeds hypocrisy, fosters the hidden cares of so-called civilization. Fear paralyses the senses, and conscience. Fear can turn a truthful man or woman into a lying one, a friend into an enemy, an ally into a traitor. Fear of punishment stunts the mind and development of a child. Fear of loss of prestige can restrain the open hand of generosity, friendship, hospitality, association, and the claimed Christian virtues. Fear of loss of money—inevitable where responsibilities are involved—has many times blasted the prospects of a potential millionaire.

Why are the "big chiefs" so much easier to get on with than their subordinates? They have no fear, no feeling of something to be lost. The great are ever the most gracious, knowing that which they are, cannot be robbed from them. "Success attracts success" no doubt because self-confidence breeds confidence in others. The fearlessness of one man or woman among hundreds in disaster often has a miraculous effect on the rest. "Poise," that indefinable but magic halo of social serenity, is the secret of those who do not fear their own urges or inhibitions.

The whole lives of the vast majority of even civilized mankind is molded and guided by fear of this or that, instilled in them from childhood, later by their teachers, their employers or tradition.

But fear of Freedom, contradictory as it may sound, is a very real complex in a large portion of civilized humanity. Freedom means responsibility, calls for self-reliance, decision, enterprise, courage of conviction and tenacity, often too great a demand upon one accustomed to routine or a mental cage. The widow, the nurse-daughter, the proverbial but rapidly disappearing "sheltered woman" suddenly upon the world, do not always know how to use, or constructively to

exploit a new-found freedom. One need but recall the many police cases of fraud by the plausible upon the credulous.

Freedom from the gilded bars of court life and Royal tradition has not always provided the dozens of ex-princes and ex-princesses of Europe with the sweets of liberty for which they had chafed and fretted in their days of social bondage. The plight, mental or material, of many an ex-royalty testifies that in unprepared cases, freedom is a state to be feared. The weak have reason to fear freedom.

Moral fear would seem to be the heritage of the older civilizations, bound by tradition, who have that tradition, and all that goes with it, to lose. The newer civilizations, America, Turkey, and now groping Russia, are fearless in their enterprise and experiment, because they have little or no tradition to lose, and all to gain to add to the history they are making. In the same way, so many hot-heads and radicals modify their daring views with the years. Occasionally through mellowed judgment, but more often because Time has brought them that which they fear to lose, and hesitate to jeopardise.

In Europe, and Britain specially, we are consciously hesitant, if not actually fearful, of innovation and discarding some custom or usage of the past. We are apt to claim, and somewhat aggressively, that what served our forefathers for centuries is "good enough for us." But in the New World and new countries, the very complacency of the older generations incites rebellion in the younger element, spurring them to daring experiment.

During the twenty-first "Birthday Week" of his colossal main store, I asked Mr. Gordon Selfridge whether he had not at some time or other feared for the success of such a revolutionary experiment in conservative London.

"I have never been afraid of anything," he declared. "It required courage—twenty-one years ago—but I had faith and no fear."

WITH the idea of writing this article in mind, I asked several other successful business men the secret of their success. "Facing difficulties with fearlessness" was one of the main points of their replies. I asked private individuals, whose lives I happened to know, had been fought with determination and fearlessness, often in face of bitter odds, how it was that they had not "gone under" at one period or other. The positive optimism of fearlessness had pulled them through, and will again, if the need arises. The War revealed to us many phases of that lesson.

During my travels, especially in the air, I have had more than one opportunity of studying the psychology of Fear. If fearlessness is strength, it is also training, and must not be confused with recklessness, or ignorance of danger. To know not fear—and there are individuals with that sense lacking—and to overcome fear, are two very different things.

When during the first trans-atlantic flight of the "Graf Zeppelin" in October, 1928, the storm gods revenged themselves on presumptuous humanity, imperilling our frail craft and the sixty lives aboard, I witnessed one of the most poignant dramas of fearlessness and courage I have ever seen. Yards of the silver fabric cover were ripped off one of the projecting elevator fins, through which gap the wind would enter and continue stripping the airship.

Knut Eckener, the commander's son, immediately headed a party for the supremely dangerous task of climbing about the exposed portion to repair the damage. Clinging by their knees only, sewing with their hands, the gallant men held to their task in spite of the wind trying to wrench them off into the space below. The Zeppelin engines were stilled, so that the tremendous draught of the propellers should not add to their efforts to hold on. Heavy with rain, floating aimlessly over the Atlantic, the giant 763-foot-long airship began to sink towards the ocean. Nearer and nearer the turbulent water we approached as the repair party worked at fever pitch. Fearlessly they worked to save the airship and all aboard.

Captain Flemming walked up to Dr. Hugo Eckener on the bridge and said: "Sir we must have two motors on. The Zeppelin is sinking." Dr. Eckener paid no attention. Perhaps he did not hear. Flemming repeated his request more urgently, pointing to the

sea not so far below. "Two motors, two motors to save the airship."

With a face as grey and hard as graven granite, Dr. Eckener gave one quick glance in the direction of the broken fin, said hoarsely: "Put the motors on."

With a half audible, "My son," he turned his head away, as from an already achieved catastrophe. Fearlessly but brokenly he gave the order which he believed would sacrifice the life of his only son.

Not until fully ten minutes later did he know whether the sudden rush of the propellers had blown Knut and his comrades into the dark water below. That first flight was largely experimental, and there was no means then to warn the workers that the motors were to be put on.

FEAR is a negative force, allied to pessimism. Fear weakens, mentally, morally and physically. At the same time, it can be aggressively preventative, in nations and individuals.

There are few nations which can boast that it is without fear of outside aggression of some kind. The whole burning world question of disarmament has arisen from international post-war resort to the aggressively preventative steps taken by countries suspicious or fearful of each other. Yet there are certain nations which have no fear, but remain neither pacifistic nor militant—Sweden, Norway, Switzerland and Holland, for instance.

Misgivings, uncertainty, wavering fears for the future, can turn the positive, active spirit of a nation into a negative passive one, weakening the entire national fibre. So with the individual.

Regret is not tinged with fear, but the more positive remorse is less often a commendable mental attitude than people like to claim, and more frequently unrecognized or inarticulate fear.

The fearlessness for his soldiers before Agincourt for which Henry V. supplicated God, he conceived as an absence of that "sense of reckoning" which is merely the numbing of the conscious, hesitating mind.

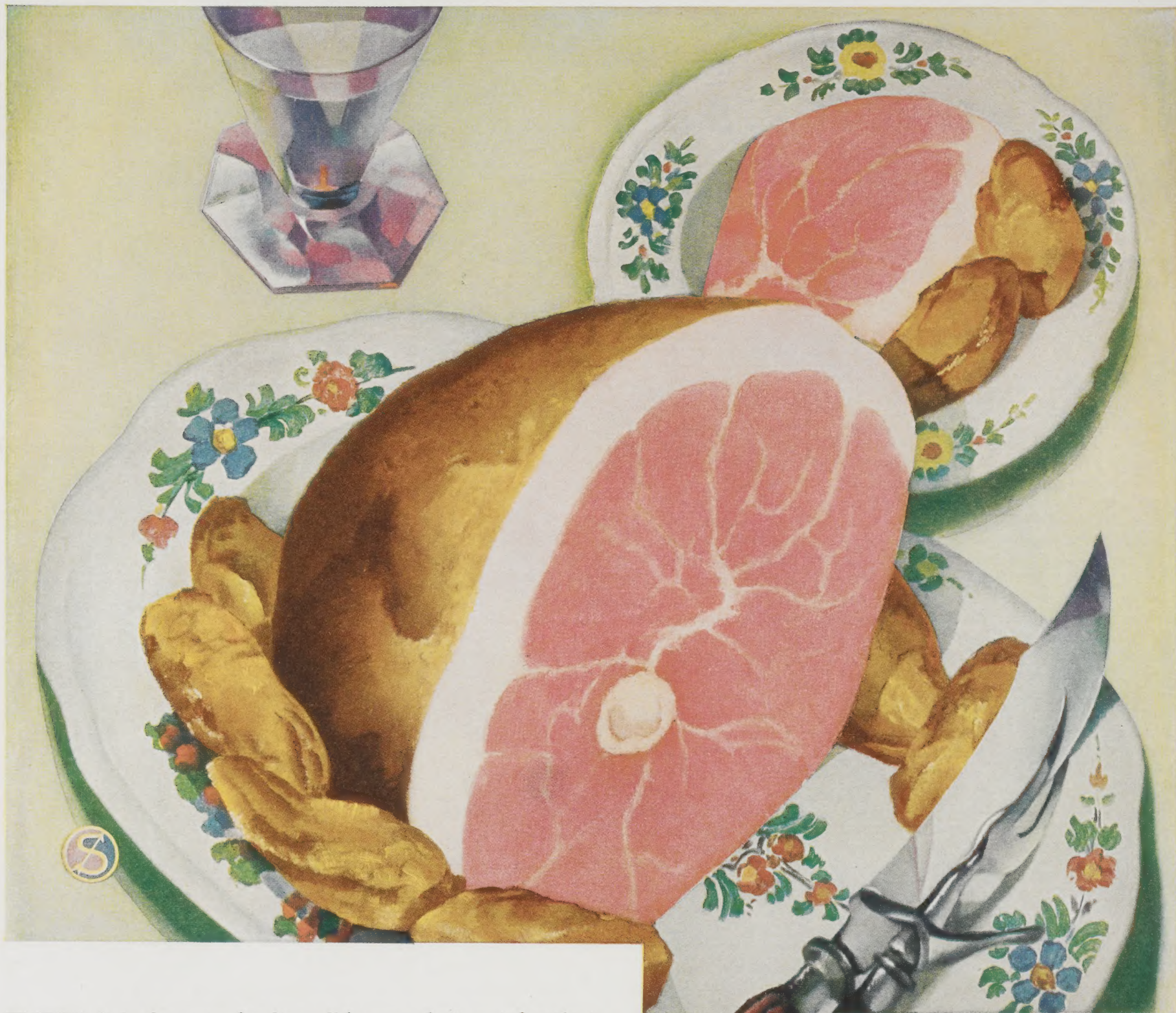
No such pseudo-courage inspires the Yogis of India in their pilgrimages through infested jungles. The Yogis have no fear of wild beasts. With their own fearlessness they conquer savage nature. It is also probably due to the fact that their philosophy demands absolute immunity for beasts, reptiles and insects, and the wild creatures are quick to sense friend or enemy. The often amazing achievements of animal tamers are due solely to the absence of fear on the part of the fearless master.

WHEN I was in India, I met the famous Yogi Divekar, who was on the point of going into the jungle "to meditate." I questioned him about possible danger from tigers, snakes and other destroyers of man. Yogi Divekar smilingly assured me that he had never in his life harmed the smallest living creature, and had not even the unconscious thought of such an action, therefore the animals would not molest him. It must have been true, for into the jungle he repaired, and out again, weeks later, safe and sound.

Certain tribes in North Africa, the Aissouis, have no fear of snakes, scorpions and noxious insects. They are less a tribe than a cult, like Freemasons. Each or any village in a district may possess one or more of the Aissouis, who follow the normal routine of their neighbors in work or recreation, until they hear the signal for their special rites. I have seen them pick up poisonous snakes and insects in their hands, and also witnessed some of their rites, which privilege, by the way, I owe to the fearlessness of my husband, who calmly led me to a frenzied circle of blood-stained Aissouis, hypnotizing themselves by dancing and shaking their heads in the hot Morocco sun. Since sunrise they had been working themselves into this frenzy, in which they seized live sheep, thrown in their midst by partisans or sympathisers. Tearing the sheep limb from limb, they devour the hot flesh, throwing high into the air, bones and skin. Bloodstained and intoxicated with ecstasy, they afterwards worship in the Aissoui mosque.

THE animal sanctuaries in Canada and America offer extraordinary examples of what security and lack of provocation will achieve with wild animals. When I was in Canada last summer, visiting one of these tremendous reserves in the Rockies, I found that I could approach right up to the bears, even females with young, usually so vicious. They were fearless with the confidence that [Continued on page 36]

Swift's Premium Ham...Mild



YES, it is famous for its mildness—but not for that alone. Swift's Premium Ham is famous, too, for its tenderness; for its delicacy; and for that uniform richness of flavor which only the Premium cure can give.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the full length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.





Inside a Toronto muffin and outside a Southern chicken I found the same good-tasting secret!

Perhaps you've visited the spic and span little shop that I discovered in Toronto—all white except for shelves upon shelves of glowing jams and jellies. And then there were trays of crusty buns and ruby-filled tarts and golden-tinted, shapely muffins that looked heavenly to me.

Miss S— must have seen my eyes sparkle warmly at the invitation of those muffins. Because soon I was eating one right then and there. I bit through the crispy brown—down into the tender fluffy heart to find melting sweetness inside. Then I said, "I want half a dozen"—because I knew what a success they'd be with my tea. But I didn't come away with just muffins. I brought away the recipe for you. For I discovered that those delectable muffins contained the good-tasting secret that's provided only by sweet-tasting, fresh flavored Crisco. So while you may substitute any firm seasonable berries for the raisins, I can't recommend using any other fat but Crisco.

A good-tasting secret in St. Louis, too

Of course, you know that I am constantly traveling about in search of good recipes for your kitchen files. So it happened that soon after I discovered my good-tasting secret inside a Toronto muffin, I was hundreds of miles south. Yes, down in the States in the Mississippi valley where years ago old stern-wheeler steamboats swish-swished up and down the river. And when I stopped in St. Louis I discovered the same good-tasting secret *outside* a southern chicken. Such

chicken! Every tender piece was wrapped up in a coat of golden crunchiness, sweet-tasting and crisp and covered with creamy rich gravy. And good! I ate every bit that was served to me!

I knew instantly that that chicken had been fried in Crisco. No other fat I've ever used wraps fried foods in such a brown appetizing crust. If you want to enjoy the true delicacy of chicken—just make this simple change—don't use strong-tasting fats, use good-tasting Crisco. Chefs everywhere tell me that Crisco brings out the *true* flavor of foods. In fact anything that's fried tastes better fried in sweet-tasting Crisco.

Then, as a welcome change, why don't you serve chicken with corn fritters in the good old-fashioned southern way? These fritters can be pan-fried or deep-fried, the chef told me. But they *must* be fried in Crisco or I can't promise you that they will have the delicate flavor that a good fritter should have.

Everywhere I go, from Montreal to Vancouver, from Winnipeg to St. Louis, I always find that the best bakers use Crisco in their fluffy cakes and crisp cookies. Isn't that good news? For then it stands to reason that they use other good ingredients, too—the freshest eggs, the finest flavorings, fruits and spices.

Have you sent for my little cook book—"12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes"? Just write to me for it. I'd like to send it to you. Address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XHH-80, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.

WINIFRED S. CARTER



CORN FRITTERS

1 cup flour	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk	1 teaspoon baking powder
2 eggs	$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt	2 teaspoons melted Crisco
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups drained, canned corn or fresh corn cut from the cob		

Sift dry ingredients together; beat eggs well; add milk and combine with first mixture. Beat thoroughly. Add corn and melted Crisco. Drop by tablespoons into deep, hot Crisco, 360° to 370° F. (or when inch cube of bread browns in 60 seconds) and cook from 4 to 5 minutes, turning occasionally. Drain on crumpled unglazed paper. If you wish to pan-fry these fritters add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup additional flour to batter.



TORONTO MUFFINS

4 tablespoons Crisco	4 teaspoons baking powder	4 tablespoons sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	1 egg	$\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 cup milk
2 cups flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins (or small, firm fresh berries)	

Blend Crisco, sugar and egg together in one operation. Mix and sift 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Mix lightly. Don't try to smooth out the batter. Dredge raisins or berries with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour and stir in gently. Bake in Criscoed muffin pans in hot oven (400° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. This recipe makes 12 muffins.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co. of Canada, Ltd.

CRISCO IS MADE IN CANADA



**Taste Crisco—then
any other shortening. Crisco's
sweet, fresh flavor will tell you
why things made with Crisco
taste so much better.**



For one brief, horrible instant, the wife stood, rooted to the spot as though petrified, staring, wide-eyed, open-mouthed, at her husband.

The House of Scandal

By William Hamilton Osborne

Author of "The Red Mouse," "The Catspaw,"
"The Blue Buckle," Etc

Illustrated by Robert Dorf

PART ONE

MRS. MONTY TRAINOR shook her husband gently by the shoulder. "Monty," she exclaimed, insistently, "I'm going out to market. I need some money, quick."

Mr. Monty Trainor grunted sleepily. He was still abed. It was eight o'clock a.m., but he had conducted, on the night before, a very innocent and businesslike but very much protracted session of the board of trade, quite devoid of fun and of refreshment. He stretched his arms and yawned.

"Money?" he queried. "You'll find some in my trousers pockets, Gertie."

It was a dingy morning. Mrs. Trainor seized her husband's trousers, took them to the window, and started to ransack the trousers pockets to secure the needed wherewithal. She had hardly started upon this process when she hastily drew back in alarm.

"Oh," she exclaimed in no uncertain tone of anger and disgust. Monty sat up straight in bed. He could not recall that his trousers contained anything that justified her tone.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

His young wife flattened herself against the wall and peered out of the window.

"It's that old Mrs. Bellamy," she whispered, as though fearful of being overheard by someone else than Monty.

"Old Mrs. Bellamy," repeated Monty; "what about her?"

Mrs. Monty Trainor drew a long breath. "She's watching me again."

Monty became interested. "Watching you?" he repeated. "Why, where is she?"

"Where she *always* is," snapped Mr. Monty, "in her second-storey back room over at the Bellamy's."

"And you say she's watching you?"

"Yes," wailed Mrs. Trainor.

Monty thrust a pyjama leg out of bed. "Why, confound it," he returned, "she's an old lady. She can't see you. She can hardly see this house on a day like this, across four hundred feet of lawn."

His wife sniffed. "She can see anything at any time of day or night, Monty," she returned; "if you don't believe it, come and see."

Monty had never been anything but game. In the full glory of his bright green pyjamas he strode to the window; in their full glory he stood boldly in the window and looked out. Monty's house stood on the corner of the square. Monty's boudoir was on the south-east corner of the house, and on its rear. As Monty glanced from the window he was able to see the rear of all the houses down on one side of the square, and the rear of all the houses across its end, and the rear of all the houses down the other side. And on this other side, four hundred feet across back lawns, there reared itself the house of Bellamy. Monty Trainor trained his eyes upon the second storey back windows of the house of Bellamy. Then he whistled in surprise. "Gee whiz," he said.

"Now," said his wife, "you see that old Mrs. Bellamy can see—almost anything, almost anywhere."

"She's clever," conceded Monty, "clever—and very up-to-date."

"Besides which," sniggered Mrs. Trainor, "she's admiring you."

Monty looked again. "So she is," he said.

"Meantime," quoth his wife, "I'm not getting any money."

Monty took the trousers from her, found no money

there, pulled out all the pockets to make sure, remembered that his money was in his coat, seized his coat, pulled out a roll of bills, peeled off one or two and passed them over.

"How does that suit you, old girl?" he remarked.

"Old girl?" repeated Mrs. Trainor, uncertainly.

"Not *you*," retorted Mr. Trainor, "old Bellamy girl, I mean. I thought I'd give her something to look at, something worth while, something unusual—the sight of a real man passing real money to his wife."

Still for the benefit of the silent watcher across four hundred feet of space, he threw his hands above his head and danced a few contortions of the Salome dance. But his young wife clutched him by the arm.

"Monty," she exclaimed, "look at the back windows on *this* side—the Smythe's, the Buckley's, the Had-dow's—everybody's. What do you see?"

"Nothing," returned Trainor.

"Yes you do," she persisted, "you see drawn shades."

Trainor shot a startled glance toward his wife. "You don't mean to say——?" he queried.

"I do mean to say it, though," she answered, "I mean that old Mrs. Bellamy is the plague of this neighborhood. I mean that she sits up there all day long—and all night long, too, it seems, and looks, looks, looks. I mean that everybody within range has got to keep curtains pulled down all the time. You can't let the sun in your back windows without letting Mrs. Bellamy in, too."

"She certainly gets in," commented Trainor, "the way she's heeled." He thought for an instant. "Gertie," he said, racking his brain, "seems to me I've heard the fellows on the train say something about this, too."

"I've heard nothing but this for the last six months, Monty," his wife complained, "ever since we've lived



Old Mrs. Bellamy almost snorted with delight

here. *Nobody* is safe. Why, when Mrs. Roberts was without a girl for two days last month, and went about the kitchen with her head done up to keep the smoke out of her hair, and when Mr. Roberts came home and kissed her as he always does—he never forgets things of that kind, Monty—it was all over the neighborhood in no time that he was hugging the hired girl. Mrs. Bellamy did that. *I* wouldn't speak to Mr. Roberts just because of it, and now Mrs. Roberts won't speak to me."

"And Roberts looks the other way when *I*'m around," said Trainor. "And so," he mused, "it was nobody but his wife."

"*Nobody*," she continued; "and—and, there was Henry Y. Cook, the mildest old man that ever lived—you know what got around about *him*."

"Sure," gasped Trainor; "and that was Mrs. Bellamy, too!"

"Exactly."

"Heeled."

"Yes," went on his wife, "and the Standishes wouldn't stand it. So *they* moved out."

TRAINOR'S glance moved down the rear of houses to the right until it lighted on the empty one. This vacant house was almost directly opposite Bellamy's. It was a pretty little cottage, white, with green shutters, and with an abundance of windows, front, rear, and on all sides. In appearance it was innocent enough. By number it was designated as Seventeen Hawthorne Place, but in the neighborhood it was generally called "The House of a Thousand Scandals"—due to the fact that its occupants were always unknown people, people who never stayed long, and were people always with a history past and present, of a very varied kind.

"The Standishes," said Trainor; "so they moved out because of *her*. I understand they couldn't pay their rent."

"Everybody understood everything about the Standishes," went on Mrs. Trainor bitterly, "because Mrs. Bellamy saw everything they did, misconstrued everything they did, and told everything about them in the way she wished to tell it. And now," she almost whimpered, "we're going to get it, too."

"And we can't move away," said Trainor; "we own our house."

"Everybody owns his house here," returned Mrs. Trainor, "or else everybody else would move. Number seventeen is the *only* rented house in the block. You see."

"*I see*," remarked Trainor. He peered out of the window once more, but drew back with a sudden fear. "She's still there," he whispered, with a note of awe in his voice, "still looking here at us." Some uncanny fear seemed to settle down upon them. Then Trainor's face brightened.

"Do you suppose that the Bellamys know that the old lady looks, and looks, and looks?" he queried.

Mrs. Monty vigorously shook her head.

"Why doesn't somebody tell them?" he inquired.

"Because," she returned, "nobody dares to. The Bellamys are such nice people. They're the only couple on the block that aren't talked about, and they're the only people who don't talk. Nobody *wants* to tell them. That's just the situation."

Monty stretched his hand toward the second storey back of Bellamy's.

"Look," he said; "she's gone."

He was quite right. Old Mrs. Bellamy had disappeared from her post of observation. At that very instant she was descending the stairs inside the Bellamy home, and an instant later was indulging in late breakfast with young Mrs. Bellamy, her daughter-in-law.

"Ernestine," she whispered, glaring over her coffee, "is there any way that Arthur could sell this house and move out of this neighborhood?"

"Why, Mother," said young Mrs. Bellamy to old Mrs. Bellamy, "we don't want to sell. We don't want to move. Why should we?"

Old Mrs. Bellamy waved her arm towards the Monty Trainors' and turned in that direction, as though she could pierce the dining-room wall with her glance. "This is a terrible neighborhood, Ernestine," she said; "I don't want Arthur to be corrupted—no, nor you. No one is safe in this community. This is a locality of gamblers—male and female, Ernestine."

"Mother," returned her daughter-in-law, "what do you mean?"

"I mean the Trainors," said old Mrs. Bellamy; "he and she. He came home at two o'clock this morning—no, *not* drunk. Sober, my dear, sober as a judge. This morning he divided the proceeds of last night with *her*. What does it mean? Gamblers—he and she. That's the latest. And next to the Standishes, who had to move from Number Seventeen, the Trainors are the worst."

Young Mrs. Bellamy sighed wearily. "Mother," she exclaimed, "how do you know all these things—how do you find them out?"

Old Mrs. Bellamy sipped her coffee and pierced

young Mrs. Bellamy through and through with her bird-like eyes.

"I simply use my *ordinary* powers of observation—" she began. She stopped and corrected herself. "I merely use my *powers* of observation, Ernestine," she said.

ARTHUR BELLAMY, Esquire, rose from the dinner-table and strode to the buffet mirror to see whether his white expanse of shirt-front was still immaculate after his evening meal, and to note whether his dinner-coat would outlast another season.

"Now, Mother," he said to old Mrs. Bellamy, as he came back to the dining-table. "Ernestine and I are going down to see Genevieve Tolliver in 'The Mistress of the House.' I've got an extra ticket, just for you. It's a glorious evening and you must come."

Young Mrs. Bellamy nodded with vigor. "You really must, Mother," she insisted; "Genevieve Tolliver has never played outside of New York before. 'The Mistress of the House' ran two years on Broadway—"

"And," added Bellamy, "it's the best play in the Western Hemisphere today."

Old Mrs. Bellamy lifted her chin a little higher. "Arthur," she said, "you and Ernestine possibly have the right to do as you please. But

with me my conscience is everything. You know that I have, have had, and always will have, conscientious scruples against seeing plays—and when I am false to my conscience—"

"But," protested Arthur Bellamy, "your conscience can't suffer through seeing 'The Mistress of the House.' It has a strong moral purpose. Hang it, it's a sermon. It's—it's *religious*, don't you see?"

Old Mrs. Bellamy's eyes ate in the soul of her son. "Religion and play-acting hardly go together," she exclaimed stiffly. She rose and brushed the crumbs from her dress.

Bellamy detained her. "Mother," he went on, pleadingly, "you don't know what modern drama is. It isn't play-acting. It's—why, hang it, Mother, it's real life, and you ought to see it."

Old Mrs. Bellamy stalked grandly to the door. "If it is play-acting," she commented, "then I ought not to see it. If," she added, "it is real life, then there's no object in my seeing it." She waved her arm grandly in a sweep that included the whole neighborhood, and embraced particularly the Trainors', and also Number Seventeen from which the Standishes had moved away. "By using a person's ordinary—by using a person's powers of observation, ordinary or extraordinary," she concluded, "a person can see all of real life that's essential to be seen right on this spot. Good night."

She stalked out of the room, and ascended the stairs with dignity. She reached her room, fumbled in her dress for a key, produced it, and unlocked her door from the outside, and entered.

Once inside, the demeanor of Old Mrs. Bellamy instantly became transformed. She could feel that her dignity changed to cunning. She lighted no light. She closed the door, locked it from the inside, and in addition to the lock, she drew the bolt across it. She crossed the room to her trunk.

"Oh," she whispered to herself, "if I could only see a play! Oh, if I only hadn't promised Great-grandmother Watson on her deathbed that I would never, never see a play. Why did I promise? Why?"

She stepped to the window and looked out. For a moment she held her gaze fastened upon the rear of each house in sight, in turn. In all, the shades were drawn. Nothing save cracks of light were visible. She glanced at Trainor's. Trainor's, too, was dark. There seemed no thoroughfare in any possible direction. She peered through the darkness at Number Seventeen. That, too, was dark.

Old Mrs. Bellamy sighed in despair. "Oh," she wailed, "if I hadn't promised Great-grandmother Watson, I could go with them and see Genevieve Tolliver in 'The Mistress of the House.' Oh, why, why—?"

She stopped.

"What's that—what's that?" she faltered.

It was not sound. It was sight. She had been gazing intently at the blackness of Number Seventeen. Even as she looked, and in the twinkling of an eye, Number Seventeen, "The House of a Thousand Scandals," became instantly ablaze with light. There were lights downstairs, upstairs, evrywhere, in the cosy

little cottage. Lights meant people. Old Mrs. Bellamy peered and peered, but though she saw the light, she could not see, across some two hundred feet of lawn, anything but light.

"When ordinary powers of observation fail—" she murmured to herself. She left the window and turned back to a large, old-fashioned trunk that stood in the far corner. Still in the darkness, Old Mrs. Bellamy fumbled with her keys for an instant, secured the right one, fumbled with the hasp upon the trunk, found it, unlocked it, and threw back the cover. Then like some digger boring a well for water, or like some miner drilling for gold, she delved into her old trunk, down, down, down—

At last her hand closed upon a familiar object and she drew it forth.

"Ah, here they are—here they are," she exclaimed, gloating over this object in the darkness, patting it tenderly; "now we'll see, we'll see."

To old Mrs. Bellamy, this object was as the bottle to the drunkard. It was her one dissipation, her one secret vice. To some men, the bottle is forbidden. But, they like to *smell*. To some men, smoking is forbidden. But they like to smell. To old Mrs. Bellamy, the drama was forbidden. But she, too, liked to smell.

And to her, this dark object that she had drawn forth from the inmost recesses of her trunk—that was the "smell." She lifted the object to her face. With the thumb and forefinger of her right hand she performed a screwing motion, as one who twisted from a bottle a cork. And then—she looked.

Instantly the interior of Number Seventeen and all that was therein sprang into view. Old Mrs. Bellamy almost snorted with delight.

"If it wasn't for these opera glasses—! she exclaimed.

The opera glasses—they were the safety valve that kept her promise to old Great-grandma Watson from exploding into bits. They were more. Through them old Mrs. Bellamy saw the greatest drama face to face—the drama of life; domestic life. She had seen sentiment, emotion, fear, anger, bickerings, weaknesses of every kind—everything but crime. She was a genius in her way, was old Mrs. Bellamy. She had imagination developed in her to a wonderful extent. Out of every gesture of her neighbors she built up a story; out of a multitude of actions she fashioned a consistent play. Always this fancy took a different shape. In the case of Mrs. Roberts disguised as her own house-servant, and in that guise kissed by Mr. Roberts—out of all that old Mrs. Bellamy had built up a huge dramatic argument: Faithlessness. Upon the shoulders of Henry Y. Cook, the innocent, she had foisted Debauchery, built up out of a very innocuous peculiarity of that gentleman. The Trainors were fast becoming professional sharps under her extraordinary opportunities of observation and investigation. The Standishes, who had moved out of Number Seventeen, had been completely overwhelmed by the dramatic surprises sprung upon them. But in all this there had been nothing save usual and ordinary neighborhood scandal, created, fostered and developed by old Mrs. Bellamy—but nothing of crime. And as old Mrs. Bellamy, sitting there in the darkness, peering through the glasses toward Number Seventeen, noted the coming and going of the persons in that house, the bustle, the activity, the looks, the actions, of the persons in that drama, she wondered, more than she had ever wondered, upon what sort of action that curtain had risen; wondered what she would see day after day, night after night, of the doings in Number Seventeen. She forgot all dramas save this; forgot Arthur Bellamy, her son, and Ernestine, her daughter-in-law; forgot Genevieve Tolliver and "The Mistress of the House." She was watching life—life!

"What's that?" she exclaimed suddenly, aloud.

A knock upon her door had startled her.

"What's that?" she said again.

It was only Bellamy and his wife, starting for the theatre. "We're off, Mother," he cried through her locked door. "Last call. You'd better come."

"Never," returned old Mrs. Bellamy, forcing her dignity into the tones of her voice. But even then, though she knew her door was locked; though she knew that they could not see her; that no one could see her in the dark—save possibly old Great-grandma Watson from up above—yet she found herself stealthily hiding her opera glasses under the folds of her dress until they had left the house and had gone away.

When all was silent once again, she whipped out the glasses and trained them, as before, on Number Seventeen.

Next morning she was down early for breakfast. Her eyes glistened with gossip.

"Mother," said Bellamy, bolting his cakes, "you missed the time of your life last night. Tolliver was glorious."

His mother fixed him with her eye. She ignored his remark. "You have new neighbors," she exclaimed.

"No!" said Ernestine. "Where?"

"Next street—Hawthorne Avenue," announced old Mrs. Bellamy, "in Number Seventeen."

"You don't say so," returned Bellamy, "the hoodoo house."

"Who are they?" queried Ernestine. "And how many of them?"

"I don't know who they are," answered the old lady, "but they are two in number—evidently posing as husband and wife."

"How do you get all this information, Mother?" queried Ernestine. "And—are they nice?"

Old Mrs. Bellamy considered for a moment. "I don't know whether they are nice or not," she answered at length "but there's one thing that I'm sure of. If they are husband and wife, they won't get along well together—not for long."

"Why not?" asked Bellamy.

"He's too good-looking," answered old Mrs. Bellamy.

"And—She?" queried Ernestine.

Old Mrs. Bellamy frowned. "She's too good-looking too."

"THEIR name," said Arthur Bellamy a few

nights later, to his wife, "is Ilingworth. Nobody knows who they are, but the fellows on the train said they seemed to look all right."

"What's his business?" queried Ernestine.

Old Mrs. Bellamy interposed. "So far," she ventured, he has no visible means of support. He's stayed right around the house."

"I suppose," said young Mrs. Bellamy, "that there's not much use cultivating them as neighbors. Nobody stays in that house more than a few months at a time."

"That," observed, Bellamy, "is where the Ilingworths are different. They've bought that house. They're there for good."

"I'll wager," exclaimed old Mrs. Bellamy, "that they haven't paid for it—with no visible means of support."

"Oh, well," said Ernestine soothingly, "of course he stays around the house now, to get things settled."

"Mighty few things they had to get settled," sniffed her respected mother-in-law.

"He'll be going to business in a day or two," responded her son's wife, hopefully.

"Watch and see if he does," returned the old lady, "and see whether he's paid for that house, too."

It filtered in, slowly, throughout the neighborhood, both by virtue of the specific observation of old Mrs. Bellamy, and by the general observation of the normal intellects, that old Mrs. Bellamy was quite right. The Ilingworths were young, had little furniture, dressed neatly but not too well, were paying for Number Seventeen upon a meagre instalment plan, and that Ilingworth, so far, had no visible means of support. Upon him, apparently, was some strange habit of irregularity. He left the house at all hours of the day, but he was always home at night. Otherwise the couple seemed happy, usual and normal—to the neighborhood. Only old Mrs. Bellamy sat up in her room, night and day, and watched

and brooded. Meanwhile the neighbors made no advance toward the Ilingworths and the Ilingworths kept themselves quite to themselves.

Nothing eventful occurred for the period of perhaps three months.

Then it was rumored, authoritatively, in the neighborhood that the Ilingworths had fallen upon evil days, and could not keep up the payment of instalments upon Number Seventeen.

"That," exclaimed old Mrs. Bellamy to Ernestine, is what neighbors say. But I can tell you that there's deeper trouble than that over in Number Seventeen. I told you he was too good-lookin'. Well, you wait and watch, and see."

At any rate old Mrs. Bellamy waited and watched—and saw. The Ilingworths in the evening occupied their cosy dining-room, almost exclusively. This had three windows across the rear and—because Hawthorne Avenue was just one terrace higher than Bellamy's street—old lady Bellamy, from her second-storey window, obtained a wonderful view. She occupied the strategic position of one who sits in Row F Orchestra. And for two months and a half she had watched, with disappointment, the uniform, unbroken billing and cooing of the pair in Number Seventeen.

But suddenly, one evening, her clutch tightened upon her faithful opera glasses, and she drew a sharper intake of breath.

"She's crying," she exclaimed, "and he's fighting. There's a row!"

She was right. Young Mrs. Ilingworth had stepped up to her husband, had hidden her face for an instant upon his shoulder. Then her whole body seemed to heave with emotion. She looked up into his face with something of the expression of a deserted soul. He held her, perfunctorily, for an instant, then his arms drooped to his side and he stood, looking into space. Old Mrs. Bellamy could almost hear him jerk out a word of reproach, and stiffen his neck, and then, suddenly—the row was on.

Young Mrs. Ilingworth drew away from him, and stood on one side of the table, trying to choke back the emotion upon her face. She seemed to accuse, to reprove. He stood silent for an instant, then he stretched forth his hands as in extenuation. Then, with the blood rushing into his face, he struck the table, once, twice, thrice, with his clenched hand, and frowned at his helpmate, and talked, tumultuously at her. And she, poor thing, suddenly slumped down into a chair, and hid her face in her hands, upon the table. Ilingworth, at that, started to pace the room, up and down, up and down, once, twice, thrice.

Suddenly the lights went out.

IT WAS three nights later that the woman with the bleached hair entered the arena of events.

"Aha," said old Mrs. Bellamy to herself, "I felt—I knew that it would come to this."

At first she had thought that the woman with the bleached hair

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"It's that old Mrs. Bellamy," she whispered, "she's watching me again."

Blue Thistle

By
Louise Morey Bowman

Illustrated by Herbert Rudeen

THE first time that Dakers Threlbird "jumped" was about the year when Conrad wrote his novel "Lord Jim." If people in Northroad had read that study of a man who jumped to safety and lost his life and found it again, there might have been less mystery about Dakers—less mystery and less muddle.

It was also just before the day when emancipated and breeched female youth began flying down hills on skis. We Northroad girls wore "short" woolen skirts and coquettish "toques," and "boy's" sweaters. We used the snowshoe and the toboggan for our winter sports.

Diana Stone, our leader and rebel—Evelyn Desbrough, golden-haired dreamer—Pauline Maxwell, plump, jolly and efficient—I, Catherine Page, a staid book-worm—and Dakers Threlbird. What an odd and devoted quintette we were in the heart of old Northroad. Like some old-fashioned square-dance we paired always—Diana and I, Evelyn and Pauline, and yet were woven together loyally and intricably in our tripping measures. And through the figure always drifted the gallant alluring form of Dakers Threlbird.

For Dakers, commonly and inevitably known as "Dicky Bird," was always a gallant boy. His beautiful blue eyes with their over-long lashes, his thick black hair, his sunny wistful smile, his great height and superb, graceful body, were all superlatives. In a queer way even Dakers' greatest assets set him apart, as if the gods were uncertain whether to save him or damn him with their gifts.

When his mother, Winnie La Costa, the butcher's daughter, married into Northroad aristocracy and became Mrs. Dakers Threlbird, she too had been a gallant, lovely figure. Old Northroad had appreciated and praised Winnie's brave, simple dignity amidst the icy welcome and clinking chains of the Threlbirds. But Winnie's bravery passed in one supreme effort for herself. Her husband's sudden death, six months before Dakers was born, seemed to sap her vitality and break her elasticity and poise. She swathed her child in physical fear, and by the time his fine healthy body began to cast such swaddling clothes aside, she had bred in him a more subtle panic—the terror of not seeming a worthy Threlbird—the fear of not being admired. For this last was what it developed into. She made of him an actor encased in an armor seldom pierced—but not even her foolish pitiful mistakes could make of him a cad or a snob.

Therefore, though he played almost entirely in childhood with his four devoted girl companions: Diana, Evelyn, Pauline and me, he yet escaped very much persecution from the boys. They rather liked him, after all, and the few things he did do all his life, like riding and tennis, he did very well indeed. They called him "Dicky Bird," but they liked him. Nearly everyone did.

And so the childish years passed until the older people began to say, smiling wisely: "Diana and Dakers are engaged, aren't they?"

It was no use for us young people to answer their settled conviction by yes or no. It was not by any means as settled as the older people thought. We almost always knew when "it" happened, and we knew it hadn't happened as yet with them.

Yet perhaps it had, we said—watching them in that



They said Dakers staggered and looked ghastly as he saw her little scratched, bleeding hands.

January week when we started using Bleak Hill for a toboggan slide. Northroad was hilly and the old gravel pits, combined with the slope of Bleak Hill, were pronounced that winter to be as thrilling a slide as the famous one in the neighboring city. But the older people shook their heads over the menace of the scooped-out pits.

And then came the Saturday afternoon when a brittle overhanging bank, treacherously disguised with its thin, shining snow-track, caved in under Ben Raymond's flying toboggan. Diana and Dakers had already pushed off, an instant too soon, and were skimming down the same experimental route. No one could ever quite say what happened. Ben had a miraculous escape from death, and the toboggan, with Diana laid firm as a rock upon it, seemed to the frenzied watchers as if hurled to inevitable destruction. But Dakers stood upright, quite near the top of the hill.

They picked Diana out of a tangle of tall thistles and thorn bushes in a deep hollow protected by a jagged bit of overhanging cliff. They said Dakers staggered and looked ghastly as he saw her little scratched, bleeding hands. "Her hands," he kept saying weakly, "all pricked—"

The young doctor, Jim Wood, who had hurled himself, slipping and sliding down into the pit among the first, turned and snarled at Dakers.

"Damn you, Dicky—quit sniveling! She's coming to—that's the least part of it—her hands. We've got

to get her up out of here, with a broken leg and maybe worse—!"

But Dakers was himself again. He and Jim together performed gallant wonders with Diana and Ben in Bleak Hill Pits that day, people said. At least some said so, but the majority were of those who remarked fiercely: "Yes—Dakers playing to the gallery! Fell off? Rolled off, you mean! The coward! If he'd stuck on he could have steered it through. There was room!"

I saw Diana before anyone else did. She said to me at once: "Cathy—are they saying Dakers—well—jumped?"

"Yes—I'm afraid they are, Honey."

"Well, he didn't, you can tell them. He tried to roll me off—pull me off—and I sat hanging on like a little donkey. And then it swerved and—he fell off."

I looked at her. "Do you want me to tell it just like that, Diana?"

"Yes, I do," she snapped. Diana's temper matched her shining, copper-red hair. "And you can tell them, too, that I saw a blinding blue glare in those awful thistles sticking out under the cliff at the bottom—and I felt hypnotized, and then there I was. Poor Dakers!—I must have been like a piece of iron clamped onto that toboggan. Now, Cathy, say it all over—"

She actually taught it all to me like that—donkey, blue glare, thistles and all, and I've heard her say it over half a dozen times and never vary a word.

And then they let Dakers in "for ten minutes." Dakers—with his panic-terror of not being admired whispering in his ears. He was fresh from a day's trip to the city, with his arms full of roses and new books—books one naturally supposed him to have chosen himself for Diana. But I made up the list for him myself. At that time Dakers was no reader. It

was so we all spoiled him. But he needed no help about the roses. They were superb.

I KNOW I am giving no hint of his extreme loveliness that made even Northroad people, who swore he would always jump to save his skin, and that he had done so once too often on Bleak Hill, became silent and doubtful after they had heard Diana talk—and me.

How Dakers towered that day, lovingly and protectingly, over Diana, with his roses and his fond solicitude! But that was the first time I realized it had always been hard for Dakers' blue eyes to meet others. No one ever stared more directly into people's eyes than Dakers did, and yet—somehow—one always knew, after Bleak Hill, that it was hard.

"That's where Diana got her queer phrase, 'blue glare,'" I thought to myself suddenly. I heard Dakers saying: "Isn't it awful, Cathy? Her lovely little scratched hands"—and she, "Dakers thinks it's so much more refined and elegant to drivel about my pricked hands than about my broken leg and rib."

He gave his hearty yet forced laugh. "Thank God she's still got a little of the imp left in her, eh, Cathy?"

"Well, all you mid-Victorian Northroadians need someone to teach you to call a spade a spade, or a leg a leg, instead of a limb! And I'm sure a rib is scriptural enough," said Diana.

And then Dakers, quickly: "Sounds like 'an eye for

an eye and a tooth for a tooth, eh, Cathy?" And behind his ruddy mask with its shining "blue glare" a thin white face of terror peered out at us.

There was a pause in our chatter. "I adore these books, Dakers," remarked Diana. "I'll lend them all to you, Cathy. I'm sure you've never even heard of them."

But I hastily changed the subject to roses.

When he went away she lay silent for a time. Then she looked at me and laughed—a hard little laugh, but her keen grey eyes were filled with heart-break and shame.

"Well—he didn't grasp his nasty little thistles, did he, Cathy? I think we may say he—strode the boards instead. Oh, poor Dakers! Mind you say what I've told you, Cathy—till I get around to talk for myself. I've got my work cut out for me!"

I broke out then. "Do you mean to say you're going to spend your days and wits telling lies for him?"

"Yes."

"Why—for mercy's sake," I began, but she cut me short.

"Exactly—for mercy's sake—but also because—I love him!"

"Oh, Diana, you *don't*!"

"Yes, I do. I'm mad about him. His hands—ever notice his hands, Cathy? And his shoulders, and his head—just *mad*! Aren't his new riding-clothes stunning? How tall he is! I'm trusting you, Cathy. You're the only one in the whole world who knows. Even Grandfather doesn't suspect. Everybody always trusts you, Cathy, but nobody does as I do."

"Are you going to marry him, Diana?" I asked feebly.

"I *am not*," she replied crisply, her jaw set. "Never on God's earth. I wish you'd set all those roses out in the hall. I like your nice clear scentless daffodils much better. Come in tomorrow afternoon and they'll bring us up tea. Dakers will be here."

And so began "the great friendship" of Diana and Dakers which took on the color of a classic tradition

in Northroad. We knew them as lovers no more. Diana developed a perfect genius for friendship and extreme popularity, but she kept herself singularly aloof and free from lovers. And after Dakers and I had tea together at Diana's bedside a few times, and he had walked home with me, talking entirely of her, I began to doubt myself whether he had ever been in love with her, and to believe he certainly was not now.

He continued to be the reigning and most generous of cavaliers to the newcomers and visiting girls in Northroad. And every time his devotion seemed kindled before such an one, Diana blew it into spectacular flame with her plans and parties and picnics.

"I'm quite sure Dakers is caught this time," she would say towards the end of each affair.

But there were always those who would reply behind her back: "Don't you believe it! Dicky Bird's jumped again!"

AND then came the War. Northroad took the War nobly, and very hard. I was married and away by this time. Evelyn wrote me in 1916:

"There's been another scene at the Club about Dakers. Bob Roberts told Polly and me. Someone said: 'Well—what about Dakers Threlbird?' and someone jeered: 'Oh, Dicky Bird's jumped again!' and they all laughed, and something was said about the membership, and things began to look nasty for Dakers. And then Jim Wood got up and limped over to the fireplace and emptied and rapped his pipe. And he *stuck* his old chin out at them (Evelyn's word-pictures were often vivid), 'Look here,' he drawled out, 'I'm the doctor that examined him, and I won't stand for this. Dakers has got his mother's lungs and his father's heart, and in his body they're both shabby misfits. They may be drafted yet, but if you take *my* advice, you'll let him use his legs and arms right here in Northroad. We doctors nowadays aren't so sure as all you fellows are who are brave men and who are cowards and why.'

"I always thought men were a *bit* like sheep,

Cathy—sometimes. They all just started in feeling sorry, and they harked back to that Bleak Hill spill, and they began to say that it was probably just as Diana Stone had said. Poor Dakers! He's handsomer than ever and he's given his house for a provincial Red Cross headquarters and hospital, and he's gone to live at Mrs. Peters'. She's *such* a brick, since the Colonel was killed—all filled up with paying guests now, you know. Dakers and Diana work like mad at *everything* together. Of course we *all* work—even I do—but then I'm always in love with Jim. I'm sure Diana will get a decoration. She's marvellous. She organized everything at first, and works so hard. But it would make old Mrs. Threlbird turn in her grave to see her house and grounds, I'm sure. She was prouder of Elmscourt than the real Threlbirds were."

Early in 1918 my husband was killed in France and crawled back to Northroad. I couldn't stand the city where we had lived together.

Old Northroad certainly did help me to carry on somehow. I had money enough to live on. It was after the Armistice I opened my "Little Book Shop"—the first real book shop in Northroad.

Dakers was my strong tower. I shall never forget what an utter dear he was. How he did work over helping me to get ready!

He had developed into quite a reader, I found. I opened a lending library, too, and I often lent him new novels before I put them in. He had never left Mrs. Peters', where he had a big sitting-room, bedroom and bath. Mrs. Peters spoiled him to death. I took the corresponding suite across the hall from him.

About a week after I went back to Northroad I was out walking one morning. It was early June and as I passed the old Threlbird place I saw Dakers standing behind the snowberry and snowball bushes gazing up the drive. I stopped just out of his sight. Diana was just going in—so tall and lovely in her blue linen smock. The beautiful old entrance was covered with Virginia

[Continued on page 52]



"Go on!" laughed Dakers. But I saw his hand clenched down beside his chair and if ever there was betrayal in a human hand it was in Dakers' then.



The whole lion family feeding on a fresh zebra "kill," but so often it is one of the farmer's beasts instead.

Why I Hate the Lion

Kigoya Camp,
(Near) Murchison Falls,
East Africa.

By

His Farmer Neighbor in East Africa

I'M SICK and tired of these arm-chair city high-brows who write to the newspapers protesting against all the big-game shoots and safari-expeditions that come home with lion and leopard skins, elephant tusks, rhino-horns, and the rest.

"The Fauna of Africa is disappearing!" these fellows wail from their club firesides in well-fed wrath, with luxurious autos outside, and beautiful women awaiting them in opulent homes of ultra-Roman splendor.

"Think of the noble lion," they go on, self-kindled in the job. "Consider *Felis Leo*, the symbol of noble courage in all ages; the crest of kings, the source of heroic sagas and song, from the Bible to Homer to the music of the Masters! What is the lion to do, now that railroads criss-cross the continent, and collectors and tourists go chasing him in Pullman cars, with high-velocity rifles that put the Bowery tough on a par with all the lions we have left? . . ."

And so on. As though stupendous spaces of undreamed-of riches—agricultural, pastoral and mineral—were destined to remain a colossal zoo for ever! And in this, our crowded day, when Benito Mussolini insists upon bigger Italian families—at the same time trying to plant his human surplus in this very Africa, where Britain, France, Belgium and Portugal already jostle each other over millions of square miles!

Your city conservator of big game calls on the powers to forbid all this killing and horn-and-skin-and-tusk-trophying, with its harvest of photos and films—to say nothing of the dollars accruing!

"Let us form national parks," coos the lover of *Felis Leo*. He never saw a specimen but behind the bars on a Saturday afternoon, while digesting a six-course lunch with cocktails in front of it and coffee and liqueurs behind. Lord, but he makes me mad, this friend of the lion in New York, London and Paris! Would he leave all Africa to a five-mouthed monster who must have fresh blood and meat on a big scale

twice a week? What does the champion of *Felis Leo* think of one of his darlings who dragged off and devoured ninety-one human beings in a few weeks? Or of that same protégé's maneless mate, who accounted for sixty-five more men, women and children—quite apart from all the cattle and sheep, goats and pigs and such unconsidered trifles which this hunting pair pulled down and gobbled up in between, so to say?

And then those awful troops of lions, that wage war by night with almost human strategy and skill—driving their prey upwind, then dividing their forces; some remaining well to leeward, while the others work round to give an alarm and drive the terrified victims into the roaring maws and claws that lie in lurk down-wind for the bloody slaughter.

Where it's a question of zebras or oryx or kudu, I care nothing. But when that troop, twenty, thirty or more, with well-grown cubs—go after the cattle it becomes serious. More serious. More serious still it is when *Felis Leo* fancies Humanity as food, and finds it easy—herders, native farmers, women water carriers, small boys, and even babies. But worst of all is the massed descent upon a whole village of the Masai or Kikuyu people. Flimsy huts and roofs are torn to pieces. Colossal cats drop into humble homes to bite and claw and rend, with blazing eyes and hoarse, horrible coughs and grunts, and cavernous roars that seem to shake the earth and make the very stars vibrate!

I'm no poet, no highbrow, but just a white settler of the Kenya Highlands trying to grow cotton and coffee in the face of every living curse. I scribble these lines outside my tent by the light of a moon incredibly intense. By a miracle, I've a stub of pencil and a few ragged sheets of dirty paper. But I've something to say, and I must say it, right here and now!

WE ARE the pioneers of a new day, just as Americans were when the rich unknown was won from Indians and buffaloes. Ask your Rocky Mountain stockman



Lads of the "Night Patrol" waiting for lions in the East African Bush (Note the protection of the wagon).

to "conserve" the big wolf that pulls down eight of his steers in a single night and evades all the traps, all the suet and strychnine, even when handled with rubber gloves . . . and see (or is it "hear?"—or should it be "feel?")—what that afflicted pastoralist, will say to you!

Yet the lion is to the wolf what the coyote is to a jack-rabbit! The lion it was who put a stop to the construction of East Africa's greatest railroad—though its builders were the British Government! Black workers were pounced on and hauled off screaming in broad day! Even white hunters were dragged out of the trains in which they sat dozing in the small hours, hoping to settle accounts with *Felis Leo*. So the niggers—thousands of them—threw down picks and shovels, to run for the bush and safety. And Britain had to send out a mighty *shikar*, in the person of Colonel Paterson, whose "doings" would make a gorgeous book for boys. He did, in fact, tell the world how he lifted that ghastly hoodoo from the famous Uganda Railway, which now runs sleepers and dining-cars from the Indian Ocean to the source of the Old Nile at Ripon Falls.

But, like me, the Colonel was no great writer, but a man with a man-size job. He told us how he did it in: "The Man-eaters of Tsavo"; a plain tale of a grim and grisly affair, nicely spiced with the funny side, which all horrors seem to have in this African world—which was surely made by the devil himself!

Our neighbors, the Belgians, are fast developing an empire of a million square miles. King Albert and his queen have just opened another Congo railroad—the Leopoldville-Katanya-Dilolo line of standard gauge. This gives sea-access to a region which already yields 100,000 tons of copper each year—as a mere surface scratch! Another new British line, costing \$4,000,000, runs from Mwanza, on Lake Victoria, to Tabora on the Central Tanganyika system, avoiding a belt of tse-tse fly country on the way, and reaching the Indian Ocean.

It is the same in the French Soudan, a stupendous domain where you could dump the United States and not find it! And Italy now goes hand-in-hand with the old Ethiopian enemy of the North (Abyssinia), who humbled her proud armies at Adowa. Lake and river steamers are completing the "enlightenment" of a Dark Africa, whose trading companies no longer keep accounts in "miles of calico and tons of colored beads!"

SO THE lion must go. Just where he goes, we men who bear the brunt care little. To kill elephants, rhinos and hippos the visitor must pay for a license. Well, we could see them all killed, and the slayers

paid good money by the various governments concerned! Has any writer of big-game bunk ever seen a pioneer farm and its plantations after a herd of wild elephants have fed and rolled in it? Tragis Messina after its classic quake was a smiling and prosperous scene when compared with this chaotic havoc and destruction!

And what if it were the bunk-writer's own property—won from the wild at deadly risk to life and limb and health, with every known blight of nature, from sun to snakes and insects, warring with the two-legged battler? Once more I ask: "Is Africa to stand still—or even to relapse into the terrors of Livingstone's day, with cannibals and slave-raiders as jungle-lords, and brute beasts in full possession, "red in tooth and claw."

The thing is absurd. But progress and the lion cannot co-exist. You don't have to pay to shoot our lions. I'd have actual head-money put on them all—as in teeming India, where 320,000,000 million people speaking 179 languages and 544 different dialects still suffer cruelly from ravage by the stealthy tiger.

STRANGE to say, although pictured on Babylonian bricks, hymned by Hebrew Prophets and chased by the cave-men and others, down to Theodore Roosevelt and *shikers* of our flying age, we still know little of the lion's family life and ways. I won't deny his strength, nor his courage; I know too much about both, and carry scars of them from my left shoulder down to my feet.

I've met a troop of five, with only one female between them. Yet all the four male lions were playful friends! They vary in wicked ferocity. In a troop of ten, my native herders can pick out the "bad" ones, and tell fearsome tales of their daring deeds and man-hunger in pastoral villages of the bush or the plains.

I fancy the lion's sexual instinct is feeble. I doubt whether his vicious mate bears him cubs more than once in three years. I've seen most jungle brutes fight for the female, but never the lion. He *does* fight—but it's chiefly over a kill of meat. A litter of cubs will consist of 2-4 greyish-yellow devils, with evil in their faces the moment they're born. The nursery is a patch of reeds, or a dense thicket close to water. Weaned at four months, the youngsters now go out with their parents for a little schooling—at my expense, or that of my luckless natives!

These last vary in pluck, as white men do. Thus the Kikuyu and Kavirondo tribes accept the stock-and-man-eating of lions as an act of the heathen gods. But those magnificent savages, the Masai, go out and fight the lion-troops on foot—all in war-paint



A rare snapshot of a troop of wild lions on the watch for prey in the East African plains.

and feathers, with two-edged swords and spears and long rawhide spears. The pitched battle ensuing is a terrible lesson of vengeance. No mercy is shown; no desertions from the fray on either side, until man or beast is no more, and the dusty earth is a bog of black and crimson gore, with mangled corpses in queer confusion.

Mr. and Mrs. Lion lead their frisky babes to the nearest village for the first "blooding" on the sheep and goats, which are theirs by a primal law. The parents look on and growl out instructions while an entire flock—perhaps forty head—are destroyed in a few furious minutes. Later on come cows and mules, with skilled butchering also taught; for the lion does this with care and system.

I suppose the zebra is the brute's daily "bread" and the buffalo-bull is his most difficult quarry. Elaborate tactics are here employed to track and turn—and pounce! At least two of the giants of the troop make the fatal spring on the left side, seizing the nose with one set of claws and the shoulder with another, then jerking the huge horned head down sideways, so as to break the neck. The killing of buffaloes is a long, cruel business full of bellowing agony, with the massed chorus of the troop over all—the most awesome sense-experience of all our African spaces!

THIS superb cat weighs up to 700 lbs. He trots along in a *losé* slouch with his head held well below the spine, and *never* in the heroic manner that picture-makers show us! Our northern lions are more heavily maned, lighter in color and much bigger than those of the south. Come on him "at meat" or out with "the family"—and [Continued on page 54]



How we farmers get even with "the enemy" at last.

Out of the Depths

By Ignatius Phayre

Illustrated by Graham Hunter



And before either man could stop him, Joline was flat on the rug, with eyes of bliss shut tight and working his two cupped palms like pistons of internal combustion

"*M*UST you see me now, Mayhew?" The managing editor groped nervously among the litter on his desk.

"It is important," his deputy said. "There's a young American down there in the Hall who says he's going to swim the Atlantic—"

"To SWIM—?"

"The Atlantic. Quite a reckless devil, it seems. He has all the details fixed and is ready to give his life for the Stars and Stripes, as young Lindbergh did in the air."

"But, man alive, that's three thousand miles! It's idiotic!"

"That's what they said to the Swede. And if the 'Flying Fool' could make good, why not a 'Swimming Lunatic?' Anyhow, there's a good story in his madness."

The Chief had grown calmer, and slid back into his pocket the watch he had drawn out with irritable hands.

"All right, Mayhew. Bring the fellow up . . . O, wait! Put 'The Destiny of the United States' back on Page Thirteen, and leave out 'The Civil War in Ireland.' we've had that for seven hundred years . . ."

"Is it right *here*?" he heard presently in the meekest tone. "Or is that the door?"

"In there?" It was a modest prodigy that Mr. Mayhew was shepherding into the Presence. A short, thick-set lad sidled across the room, blue-eyed and mildly bewildered in this busy palace of the world's noisy pulse, all marble and gold with crimson carpets along the corridors of a holy of holies on the topmost floor . . .

The Chief was looking through and into a very shabby caller, who stood twiddling a peaked cap and fingering the frowsy buttons of an ancient tunic much too big for him . . . A deck-hand was the judge's verdict. Quite likely off a tramp or a collier down there in the Pool below London Bridge.

"Your name?"

"Homer Joline."

"And business?"

"A noos-item."

"Ah! . . . I understand—"

"An' that's so, Mister! I shall take to the water on Southsea beach an' climb out of American surf on Coney Island."

or crawl, our li'l 'Beauty' . . . Yes, sir, I'll be followed be a Brother. Nobody like a Brother, is they? Why, don' the Bible say—?"

"I'd far rather hear what *you* say!" Here the epic Homer shifted from one stout leg to the other and smiled out a 'Thank you' to his inquisitor.

"How long will the swim take?"

"Three munces prar'bly. It's all accordin' to currents an' win's, an' weather."

"H'm! One fourth of a year in the water—night and day!"

"Yes, but in the track o' ships, Mister. Them big, 'ooge ships."

"True! Of course you can give up the first day, if you want to." Here the defendant shook a fateful head, fixing dreamy eyes upon a Sargent portrait of the late Lord Wendover, a bloated titan of Fleet Street and the founder of the "Daily Budget," whose circulation was 2,000,000 a day, even with returns and complimentary copies deducted . . .

"You mean, if you live? Why, the immersion alone would paralyse flesh and blood—"

"Not with my coatin' o' shark-proof grease . . . Did you bring up that can, Mister Mayhew?"

"No, it was vile stuff, and smelt like fish-glue."

"Never mind the grease," the Chief put in here.

"I gotta mind it! It's what them savages use in the Solomon Islands. There's a kind o' creepin' heat in it."

"Who will attend you on the swim?"

"Me brother—in a steel canoe which a torpedo couldn't sink! She c'n race

"No, sir. There'll be no givin' up. I'll go down first!"

"That's the right spirit for a high enterprise!"

"And sleep? What about sleep?"

"I'll sleep on my back," he was told by this young portent of a superhuman age. And before either man could stop him, Joline was flat on the hearth-rug with eyes of bliss shut tight and working his two cupped palms like the pistons of internal combustion.

"That's how," he said curtly, sitting bolt upright to dust the carpet behind him with a dirty rag drawn out of nowhere. "O, I'll sleep all right!"

"And the man at the wheel?"

"The canoe's automatic. A touch of the lever—Pssst! An' she settles down quiet as a blue-fish o' our Noo England shoals!"

"Ah!" The Chief shifted in his chair to exchange glances with his subordinate. Clearly their visitor had a soulful punch. And this, with his mental footwork, made Round One Homer Joline's by miles.

"Now as to food. Who'll feed you on the way?"

"Me Brother. On lamb's marrer an' cocoa-leaves. I got that secret up there in La Paz o' the Andes fr'm Injuns that hop aroun' them peaks with crated cars an' gran' pianners on their stoopid heads—slavin' like hell f'r days an' days with no other sust'nance 't-all-at-all, mister." . . .

Here an invisible gong seemed to call a breakaway out of a clinch that left Fleet Street distinctly groggy. The Chief's baffled hand was doing a side-stroke of its own amid the papery waves of his untidy table.

"But to SWIM the Atlantic



My, but he looked prosperous, the reporters found!

Ocean? Why, man, you're crazy!"

"No, sir," Homer left it firmly at that.

"I stipulate," he went on pensively in a colourless tone, "Or I thought o' stip'latin', f'r a couple o' them Malay life-belts they uses in the Phil'pines. 'Course, if they's anythin' agen that—" The speaker's sigh showed that Death was as second nature to him.

"What d'you want us to do?" was the penultimate towel flung into a ring that was wholly Joline's.

"Jus' ter gimme a send-off. Take my picture now an' do a colyum story. I guess that's worth five-an'-twenty bucks to you gents, ain' it? Min' it's no hokum I'm puttin' over. 'Cursed be the Deceiver'—as the Prophet says—who hath a male in his flock an' sacrificeth a corrupt thing!"

The man's sudden passion astounded both his hearers.

"I wuz once a deacon," he explained to them in sudden self-effacement. "In the first Baptis' Church it wuz, in me home town o' Bald Knob. I guess you've heard tell o' Bald Knob, Mister?" Blank ignorance showed in four English eyes, that now were cowed in capitulation. . . . The Chief turned away for moral support to his loyal Mayhew.

"Let's have it quite clear," he began weakly. "This man is not asking the 'Budget' to finance him?"

"No, sir," the deputy said, "I understand the Quintessencia Company are behind him."

"I'm behind them," Homer Joline corrected gently.

"Course reely I shall feed on that lamb's marrer an' coca-leaves I tole you 'bout. But if I win out, I gotta say I owe ev'ry-thing to them people's dope, an' magic meat wines as 'ud make ole Jawn D. dance like Gene Tunney in the padded ring:—'Behold he cometh skippin on the hills!—He, He!' This exuberant titter startled his hearers.

"Take him away, Mayhew. Get his photo, and let Tyler do me fifteen hundred words for Page Eight. I'll think out a title for it, and put a special leader opposite within heavy rules."

"But the Prime Minister on Coal—"

"O bank up hell with it! This lad is our Premier now! Take him away I say!"

The new dictator of London's news paused in the doorway.

"C'n I see you agen, sir, afore I go?"

"No. What is it now?"

"I'd like word sent over to Noo York 'bout this affair. It'll kind o' rouse the whole Unide States, an' make f'r better feelin's a-tween the two nations. Besides, you c'n sell the stuff over there an' get back a lot more money than you're handin' me."

"Well—I'll see about that." The Chief rose to bundle the pair of them out. And towards midnight he sent again for Mr. Mayhew.

"We might cable a thousand words on this Yankee stunt," he opined, pacing the floor and smoking furiously. "After all it doesn't commit us to anything, and will make a stir as that fellow said. Let Spitzer feature it in the New York 'Syren'. He can pass it on to his Syndicate for use in Chicago and the Middle West, and then down the Pacific Slope from Olympia to San Diego. What say you?" His sub agreed with him.

"That lad's a queer card," Mayhew remarked. "As the cashier passed him out a fiver, he asked me whether he might have letters addressed to him here. I said 'yes' after a word with the Circulation Department. If Joline goes as far in the sea as he's likely to do in business then he'll surely shake himself on the Coney Island sands before a nation-

wide welcome that'll make even Lindbergh's loom as a frost!"

TWENTY-FOUR hours after publication the British Isles were aflame with the forthcoming feat, and also split into warring camps of derision, doubt and indecision. Meanwhile, the reception of parcels, letters and telgrams for Homer Joline threatened to swamp the Budget Building. The ground floor was already a General Post Office, with pyramids and piles sprawling anyhow upon wide mahogany counters of the "Small Ads."

The staff were cursing loudly when Mr. Mayhew dived out of the lift into a maelstrom of trouble. An elegant waiting-room was quickly cleared for the new-risen planet of Neptune.

"An' a stenographer," was a prompting not to be denied to modesty which now filled the world with an unearned increment of fame.

"One that's doin' nothin' in partic'lar," Mr. Joline added. A fast male operator was soon in full blast and a clever girl was sent to help him in what began to look like a Texan cross-roads store struck with the full fury of a tornado.

"I don't deserve all this," the young seaman owned as he stacked up bottles and cans in perilous battalions, with medicines and food-stuffs by the hundred-weight. And now these letters. . . . Here were vaudeville and lecture-tours pushed on him by the score, often with earnest-money pinned to eloquent passages which the star-man of the Budget had fathered upon Homer Joline.

His last will and testament would have drawn tears down iron Pluto's cheek. "If I go under, my

Ads' men, whose rugged manager left the room in emotional stress he could not control.

And here also were cables from "the other side," quoting so much a word for:—

"MY PLANS TO RIDE THE OCEAN!"
BY "A MAN ABOUT TO DIE!"

"It'll be time to talk o' money if I get away with it," the new meteor flashed vaguely at foreign friends of all ages and many sexes who peered in at him, or even lent a hand peeling the parcels and piling up goods—that came down upon the unwary when they least expected the avalanche!

Rumour of all this tumult reached the Chief at last; and as he hurried into the admiring mob, its elements melted away to all departments. Machines were still clacking in the room of rooms. Joline got slowly down from his ladder to fill a glass of the new Juventis tonic for the great man, whom he greeted with thick speech, due to a mouthful of succulent Herculooids which made a mess of the gratitude that welled up within him.

"I couldn't go out to eat," the new shopkeeper said, swallowing like a snake to make things plain to his patron. "Ain't it lucky there's so much here? One o' your fellers has just 'phoned to a tailor to come on down with all his doin's an' tapes. Seems like I'll ha' to sleep on all these shavin's."

"One thing we forgot," the Editor said as he set down his glass with an ugly grin. "Just when do you take to the water?"

"W'en summer shines out again," he was staggered to hear. . . . "W'ere was I, miss? Ah—I've got it—I beg to thank you f'r the Comp'ny's cheque, dooly to hand as stated, an' all remarks noted as per you o' the fift—(Now d'ye get me?)—As regar's the said prar'p'sition—"

"Next summer?" the Chief managed to make heard through tap of machines, the rending of wrappers and forcing open of endless boxes of vitamins and calories.

"Why, sure! Jus' now the mos' offul gales are out, an' big bergs come waltzin' up fr'm the Nor' Pole. This is no time to swim the Atlantic. You mus' see that, sir?"

"Of course." And the boss of the Budget stepped out of the way of yet more swaying postmen and messengers to whom Joline yelled out orders, like a ship's master from the stricken bridge in a storm.

"But just when—" the Editor insinuated again.

"Nex' July," he was told, with meteorological warrant about warm currents and zephyrs of cheery western set. "This is the biggest ever! It's historic, you may say; so it needs a heap o' prep'ration. . . . if I'm to have a square deal. Any goadin' or proddin' me means red murder on somebody's han's!"

"Course, I'll dive in any time you say," the victim conceded, seeing blankness linger still on his patron's face. "But you won't say it, 'cos you hide a big heart in a crinkly shell. You'd be the last of all men to shove me into a wat'ry grave. Jus' think of it, sir, as you lie in a downy bed! Three whole munce

in this freezin' water, day an' night, with monsters o' the deep prowlin' round me nose f'r a meal, an' me with no safer casin' than a coatin' o' grease. How could I keep my ghost fr'm hauntin' yer? . . . O, harr'ble! If I am ter perish—then f'r Gard's sake gimme a lame dog's chance. . . . W'ere djasay I wuz, miss, with the letter this come in?"

He held up a cheque to the gazing girl, while the lord of Fleet Street waded away knee-deep in sawdust and packing-paper, stumbling as he strode over strips of timber that fairly bristled with wicked nails.

[Continued on page 57]

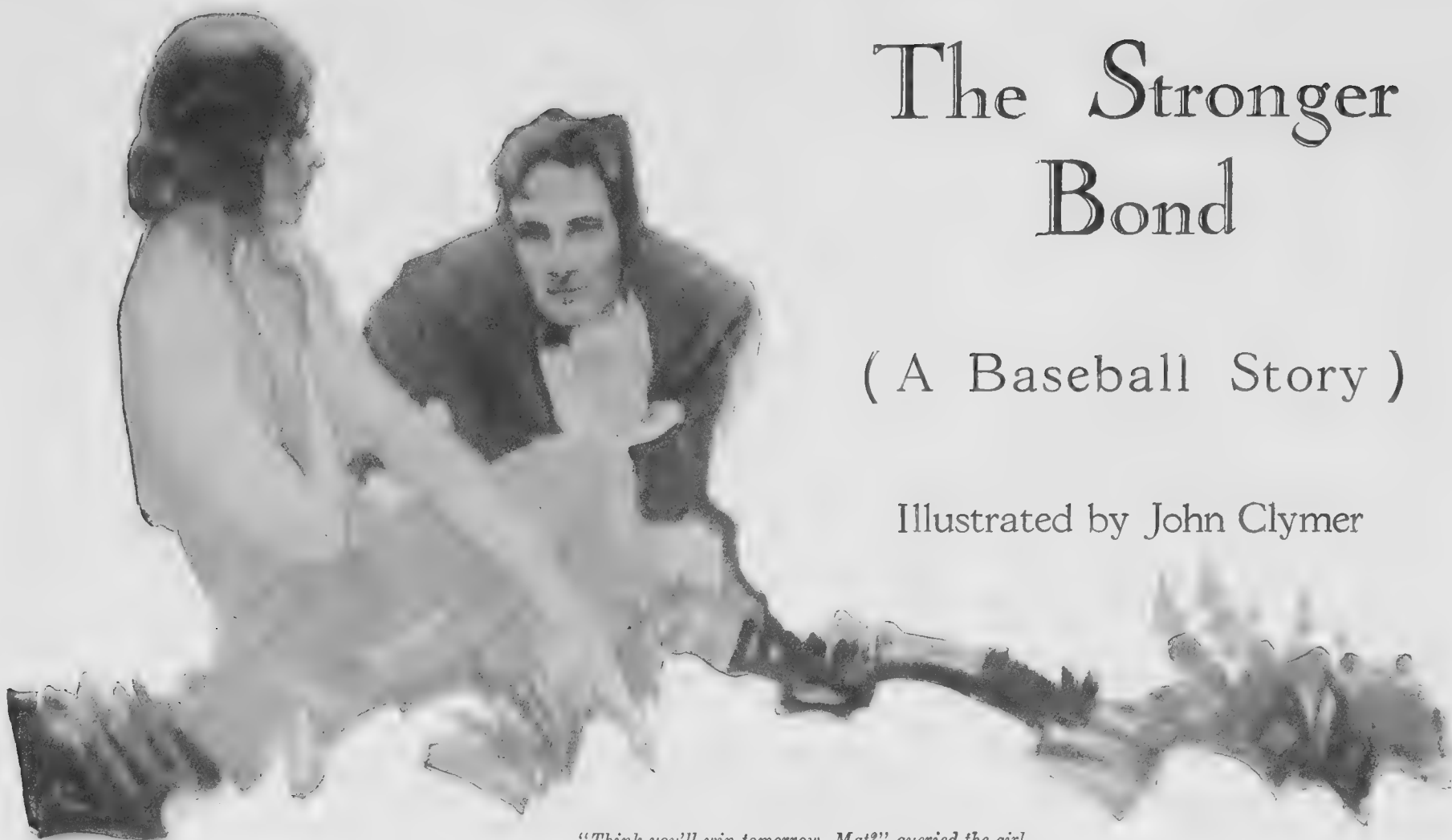


"Just think of it, sir!—Three whole munce in this freezin' water day and night, with monsters o' the deep prowlin' round me nose f'r a meal; an' me with no safer casin' than a coatin' o' grease."

last thought will be for my benefactors! If my body be found in trackless ways of that shuttle of ships—and it may be found entire, thanks to my coating of shark-proof grease—then wrap it in Old Glory and lay it to rest in Bald Knob, up there in the lonely Ozarks of the Sovereign State of Arkansas! . . ."

It was magnificent, Homer's trade-admirers vowed. But the war with merciless Atlantic rollers was yet to come. And might God have mercy on his dauntless soul! . . .

The young man read this stuff out to the "Small



The Stronger Bond

(A Baseball Story)

Illustrated by John Clymer

"Think you'll win tomorrow, Mat?" queried the girl.

"A MILLION dollar pitcher—but an Airedale pup's got nothin' on him when it comes to bein' stand-off! Stuck on himself, that's what he is!"

Big Mat Donovan, lolling in a high-back lobby chair in a Toronto hotel rotunda, sat up a bit straighter. The voice was undoubtedly that of Eddie Dolan, star second-sacker of the Leafs, a team-mate of Donovan's—and just as surely he, Donovan, was the subject under discussion! Hidden by the chair back and a thick marble column, the new twirler was an innocent eavesdropper.

"Yep"—one of the fielders was speaking—"Airedale is right! A big leaguer on the hill, but as a mixer—" the simile ended in a snort of disgust.

Slowly, the big pitcher got up—and strode dejectedly to the elevator. A minute later he was in his room, staring unseeingly out of the small window that overlooked the scurrying night traffic of the Canadian metropolis.

Yes, he was a poor "mixer," he admitted it even to himself. But if his fellow players knew the whys and wherefores of his taciturnity, maybe they wouldn't be so quick to condemn him.

Three years before, while playing with a "bush" league, down in the States, he had fallen in love with a girl. Honest himself, he had thought her honest—and then she proved herself a heartless, callous gold-digger, jilting him when an injury to his pitching arm seemed to bring to an end his baseball career. His bruised muscles had finally recovered—but not so his faith in human kind. Formerly of a jovial, carefree disposition, he had brooded over the wrong done him until he became a gloomy, taciturn, churlish individual whom no one liked. His team-mates had no use for him, in spite of the fact that he was a brilliant pitcher.

"Great bunch!" he muttered, remembering the howling mob which, that very afternoon, had peopled the stands and roared his name as he twirled the Leafs to his second win. "Darn lonesome here, though!" he added. "Somehow, of late, it's getting under my skin—this giving me the cold shoulder as though I had some contagious disease. Not a real friend out of the years since May showed me what a sucker I was to believe in anybody. I haven't cared much till lately—rather glad they let me alone—but now; oh, well, maybe I'm getting over that old grudge against the world."

Then Donovan smiled one of his rare, twisted smiles as he recalled the little incident that had followed the afternoon's game. He had changed to street clothes, at the clubhouse, and was making his way out of the park when he spied a small,

By Ronald Tuckwell

freckled face, peering admiringly from behind a bleacher post. It was "Steamer," the Leaf's hometown bat-boy, and he ran from cover to greet the hero of the day.

"Cheez, Mister!" he had cried, "You'se is some swell pitcher!"

Donovan had grunted, and was about to turn on his heel. But a twisted grin had split his sober face and he growled, "Lo, kid!"

And the next moment the little newsy's eyes popped; his wide mouth opened wider; he gaped, amazed, as Donovan dug a hand in his pocket, extracted a coin, and flipped it toward the boy.

"Get yourself some candy, kid!" Donovan had growled; and Steamer, after one long, worshipping look into Donovan's eyes, muttered:

"Cheez! You ain't no crab—why, you'se is de Prince o' Wales!" The boy took a second look at the coin, gripped it tightly in his hand; then, flinging aside his ragged cap, he piped: "Say, Mister, you'se is a gent, dat's what! Ain't a Leaf gimme nawthin' but kicks, de big bums! Say, if you'se ever want somep'n done, lemme in on it, will ya? I'm runnin' a paper route—so's me kid brudder—an' we'll slip you'se a 'Star' every day de Leafs is home, see? You'se is a prince—cheez!" The boy had stopped, completely winded.

"Thanks, kid—never mind the papers," Donovan had grunted, feeling for the first time in years a strange warmth in the region of his heart . . .

Donovan turned away from the window. Nothing to do now but go to bed. The fellows down in the lobby, or up in their rooms, wouldn't appreciate his company, and he didn't particularly want it, anyway.

THE Leafs, mainly because of Donovan's remarkable twirling that by mid-season had gained him a rating as the League's star pitcher, continued to win games. As the season advanced, they were up within striking distance of the leaders—the Maroons and the champion Lions.

The Maroons came to Toronto for a series, on the outcome of which depended both Club's chances of replacing the Lions at the head of the table.

Donovan pitched the opening game. It was a pitcher's battle all the way through. And all through it the big twirler was conscious of the shrill voice of Steamer, yelling encouragement. For

Donovan and Steamer had become real pals—they had developed a friendship that amazed the wondering, half-amused Leafs—not one of whom had tried, by friendly overtures, to penetrate the shell of taciturnity that isolated the pitcher.

Donovan twirled the Leafs to a brilliant win, and several minutes after the game's close, he and Steamer were heading for the gate.

"Cheez!" piped the boy, "you'se soaked 'em across today, Mat! Say, it's my turn to buy de sodys, see?"

Suddenly Donovan halted in his tracks—so suddenly that Steamer, following close behind, bumped his freckled nose.

Donovan was staring into the emptying stands, a rapt, admiring look on his face. It was a hot day, and the people were not hurrying.

"Who's the girl, kid?" Donovan asked hoarsely, out of the corner of his mouth, at the same time nodding toward the front row of bleacher seats.

Steamer stopped kicking his toe against the gate-post. "Huh!" he muttered, "Dat's old Joe Harris' goil. Lives near me mudder's place. If ya wanna 'make' 'er, Mat, I'll give ya a knockdown, some time. Now, let's go get dat sody—c'mon!" He started away.

Donovan grabbed him. "Kid," he growled, "introduce me—quick—she's leaving!"

Solemnly—and apparently with deep regret—Steamer did the honors. The girl, flushing prettily, appeared to be conscious of the unusual situation of being introduced to the Leaf's star twirler by the Leaf's diminutive bat-boy; but she also appeared to be pleased. As for Donovan, he did not understand himself—and was rather glad that he didn't.

The girl's blue eyes danced mischievously as she praised Donovan's pitching, while he stared dumbly at her, loath to cut short the first meeting, but painfully embarrassed.

"We—me an' th' kid—were goin' for a soda," he faltered, quite forgetful of sounding his consonants. "Will—you join us, ma'am?"

She colored, drawing back slightly. Then she smiled. "Well, I'm sure I don't—why, yes, I will! It's frightfully hot, and a soda will be nice."

Steamer trudged along behind. Suddenly there came into Donovan's muddled brain the conviction that the bat-boy was jealous of this new acquaintance. Presently the pitcher heard a disgusted "Cheez!" behind him, and turned to see Steamer deserting them—turning down a side street as fast as his little legs would take him.

Somehow, while Donovan and the girl—whose first name was Mavis—were sipping their sodas, the

pitcher found his tongue and talked with his old-time freedom and joviality. He learned that Mavis Harris was a girl with old-fashioned ideas—she still believed in Cinderellas, fairies, and the coming of a prince. Admirers she had known, as have all pretty girls, but she frankly told Donovan that she did not like the smirking, pompadoured and pomaded one-steppers of her acquaintance. She admired strong, capable grown-up boys who didn't care much whether socks, neckties and hat-bands matched, and didn't mind doing work that might get one's face and hands dirty.

And Donovan, in a corner of his mind, was all the time comparing Mavis with the girl who had, for three years, ruined his faith in humankind. He didn't believe Mavis would throw a fellow over if he lost his job and therefore his money. She didn't seem to be that kind. He placed her away up on a pedestal, with all the pent-up devotion of a starved nature piled at her feet.

Donovan was not backward in following up that first acquaintance. Before the Leafs had finished turning back the Maroons, beaten and battered, he had so far improved upon that first acquaintance as to know beyond a doubt that his devotion and close attention were far from unwelcome to the girl.

FOR the second time, Donovan was an innocent eavesdropper. This time he heard Ed Dolan growl to a fellow-Leaf on the day of the final Maroon game. "This clam, Donovan, actually speaks to me when he passes me on the way in—what's eatin' him?"

"Ya ain't very bright, are ya?" chuckled the other. "Didn't ya see the dame he's rushin'?"

Steamer sat on a bench near the bull-pen after the final game, his pinched little face sadder than if the Maroons had trampled his beloved Leafs into the mud—if there had been any available. The sun shone brightly—but there was little sunshine reflected in Steamer's disconsolate expression.

"Cheez!" he ejaculated, "Mat's quit me! De goil's got him goofy. He ain't noticin' his friends since she come in on de play. Cheez!"

Donovan sauntered up, unobserved by Steamer. "'Lo, kid!" he greeted. "Talking to yourself? Where'd you get to, the other day?"

Steamer's head jerked up at the sound of the well-known voice. He grinned sheepishly.

"T'ought I better beat it, Mat," he muttered. "Didn' wanna horn in w'en you an' de goil was goin' for sodys."

"You should have come; we waited for you," chided Donovan. "Where've you been all week?"

Steamer cocked an eye appraisingly, then chirped, "I been right here—on de job." He took a deep breath, then with a serious, anxious look on his face, he cried, "Mat—dis goil dat's rushin' you—don' you know who she really is?"

Donovan eyed the serious, sober face before replying.

"Sure, Mavis is a winner, kid," he grinned.

"Mat!" the boy stuck to his guns. "Most goils is no good—an' dis one is jest like de rest of 'em! She's playin' ya for a sucker meal-ticket! Why, she's old man Harris' goil—an' he's de crookedest gambler on de pike, Mat!"

Clearly, across the screen of Donovan's memory flashed a picture of laughing, blue-eyed May—and he felt the blood leave his face as his heart tightened in his big chest. But only for an instant was the fear—the doubt—with him. He shook his head as though to clear it of the ugly thought, and grasped the boy's arm angrily. Steamer quaked, but gazed straight back into Donovan's eyes.

Without a word of the reproof he had intended to administer, Donovan's fingers relaxed on Steamer's arm, and he growled, "C'mon, kid, let's go get a soda!"

They left the park together. Tarried at a soda-fountain. Headed again for the street.

"Mat," whispered Steamer, as they came to the corner marking the parting of their ways, "ya ain't mad at me, are ya? I hate to see de goil playin' a prince like you for a . . ."

"Lay off, kid—she's a winner, I tell you!" ordered the pitcher. "No, I'm not mad. G'bye!" He swung away.

But Donovan walked only a few steps before he stopped and turned. Maybe he had been a little too gruff with the kid. He shouldn't have let a kid's little jealousy make him angry. Well, he'd overtake him and make things right. Steamer was too good a pal.

Before the pitcher could overtake him, however, the boy turned in at a florist's. Donovan entered the door just in time to hear the boy say, "A posey for me sick mudder," and saw him throw a coin on the counter.

As the florist turned to fill the order, Donovan's hand reached over the boy's shoulder and picked

up the coin. Steamer jumped angrily around, ready to fight to the death, it seemed, for his property. Then his mouth dropped in surprise.

"Cheez, Mat! I never seen ya come in!" he grinned.

Donovan handed him the coin. "Stick this in your pants, kid," he ordered. "I'm buying your mother's flowers, this time!"

"Cheez!" piped Steamer, "you're a prince!" And Donovan's heart thawed out considerably under the look of adoration in the newsie's eyes.

"Now," said Donovan to the proprietor, "I want a dozen of the prettiest roses you've got—"

"Who for, Mat?" interrupted Steamer, his face once more disconsolate.

"You know," answered the pitcher, his face a brick red.

"She's got ya hooked for sure," blurted Steamer, with tears in his eyes. "Poor old Mat!" he flung over his shoulder as he passed through the door. "Cheez!"

THE Leafs were nearing the end of their final swing around the circuit. They had just beaten the Seals—Donovan pitching—and were dressing after the game, when Donovan heard the news.

"Say! Listen here, fellers!" Ed Dolan, one spiked shoe off and his right leg stretched out for relief, was looking over his mail. He held up a postcard. "The wife says that our bat-kid, young Steamer, was knocked over by a truck, and badly bashed up. Thinks it's pretty serious. Now, whatta ya know—"

Bang! With startling emphasis a foot that had been planted on the bench hit the floor. With the surprised Leafs gaping at him, Donovan strode across to Dolan.

"Ed," he growled, "let me see that, will you?"

Without a word Dolan handed him the card. The Leafs gaped first at the agitated pitcher, then at one another. The habitually stoical Donovan was acting completely out of character!

"Thanks, Ed." He gave the card back to Dolan. In silence he proceeded to dress, then hurried from the room, leaving the Leafs amazed at this unusual show of feeling.

Donovan went immediately to a telegraph office. On a message pad he scribbled, "Please see Steamer is taken to best hospital and gets best medical care Toronto can give. I'll settle." He wrote the address of Mavis Harris on this and growlingly demanded that it be rushed.

It was well for the Leafs that Donovan was not slated to pitch for several days. They needed every game—so close was the race—and the star twirler, worrying over his little pal, was shaken completely out of his accustomed poise.

The last game before the Leafs headed for home was Donovan's. He knew a loss would be disastrous to the Club's chances for the flag. Worry, day and night, had taken its toll, and Donovan, nervous as a cat, feared the outcome if he went into pitch. He was on the point of pleading indisposition and asking for a shift to a game ahead; then, in practice, Fenn, the Leafs only other twirler who had been rested, sprained his wrist.

Donovan went through agony twirling that game. Thoughts of the little newsie—maimed for life, possibly dying—intruded upon every crisis. Pitching on nerve alone, somehow he pulled out a winner.

The same train that carried the Leafs home to Toronto bore the raging Lions, leaders by a game and a half, for a final stand in what would prove the deciding series. The Lions were boisterously confident. One game out of three would give them the flag and entry into the Little World Series. The Leafs were sullenly determined.

Big Mat Donovan wasted no time in getting from the depot to the Harris home. From Mavis he learned the extent of Steamer's injuries, and then, leaden-hearted, he hurried to the hospital.

A hurried consultation with the doctor and nurses in charge; a feeling of overwhelming pity at the news that the little fellow might never walk again without crutches; then Donovan was ushered to the ward where Steamer lay.

Stoic though he was, the pitcher had difficulty in suppressing his emotion as he saw the pinched, white face on the pillow of the cot. Then Steamer saw him.

"Cheez, Mat—you come!" the boy cried, as his face lit up and tears of joy welled in his eyes. Then, as Donovan knelt beside the cot and gripped his small hand, he chirped, [Continued on page 35]



"Mat!" the boy stuck to his guns. "Most goils is no good—and dis one is just like de rest of 'em! She's playin' ya for a sucker meal-ticket!"



Marie Dressler and Polly Moran
in "Caught Short"

THIS is the time of year when so many of our friends are off on gay, spectacular trips that we stay-at-homes are apt to be wistful and envious. One way to escape from this unhappy frame of mind is to enjoy these adventures in strange lands vicariously, in other words to seek out some good cinema of the travelogue type and let its glamor be our magic carpet. It so happens that there are several unusual pictures of this type to be seen just now, the three following being particularly distinguished and interesting.

The Silent Enemy

THIS picture should appeal strongly to Canadian audiences, for it was taken in the wilds of Northern Ontario, by permission of the Canadian government, and it deals with Ojibway Indians in the days before Columbus. The cast is composed entirely of Indians, and is headed by Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance, who is well known in Winnipeg and farther west for his writings on Indian history and tribal customs. Long Lance, who, by the way, is also a very clever amateur boxer, plays the role of Baluk, the hunting hero of the story, and his fine physique and generally handsome appearance, as well as his feats of strength and agility and his histrionic ability, make him a decided asset to the picture.

This film, which they say took two years to make, is one of the most unusual productions to be seen. It is a silent picture, except for musical synchronization, but its pantomime is so vivid that words are neither necessary nor even to be desired.

In beauty of natural settings "The Silent Enemy" is unusually rich, and excellent photography has accentuated the pictorial interest of turbulent streams, huge pines and slim, white birches, rocky crags, timber-bordered lakes and vast wastes of glistening snow. The picture is made doubly interesting by the fact that we may see the country in all the leafy loveliness of Indian summer and again, in the uncompromising etching-like beauty of its winter bareness.

But the film is not distinguished for its pictorial quality alone. It has a thrilling story and adventures galore. "The Silent Enemy" is hunger. The hunger that comes in the dread days of winter in the north, when the earth is blanketed by snow and when the Indian must go out into the wilds and seek meat to feed himself and his tribesmen. The story tells of the son of the chief who believes he can lead his people to a caribou herd. The young man is opposed by the medicine man, who resents his leadership and is his rival in love. The people set out in quest of meat, and as they search over the miles of snow in vain the medicine man stirs up revolt against the young hunter. Failure and gnawing hunger weaken the people's faith in their leader, and they rebel. The young hunter is about to take his place on the funeral pyre to expiate with death his mistake in leading them into a country barren of animal life, when a caribou herd is sighted. The scene in which the Indians attack the herd makes a stirring climax for the picture.

The film contains several wonderfully filmed fights between wild animals, and it is to the credit of the producers, William Douglas Burden and William C. Chandler and H. P. Carver, that none of these scenes are spoiled by camera tricks. There are many thrilling moments in the scrap between a mountain lion and two bears, and also in the sequence in which Chief Long Lance, as the hunter, throws his javelin to kill a giant bull moose.

Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

Just as remarkable as the setting and animal pictures is the splendid work done by the Indian actors, who, with all their lack of cinema experience, make the story ring absolutely true. Their pantomime and general histrionic ability make the story lose all semblance of fiction and to live for us as a true epic of the wilds.

Adventures in the South Seas

CIFFORD PINCHOT, former Governor of Pennsylvania, and his wife and young son, "Giffy," are photographed in this picture of the cruise of their yacht through the South Seas.



Maurice Chevalier with Claudette Colbert
in "The Big Pond"

This cruise picture was made by the Pinchots in cooperation with the National Museum at Washington, D.C., and the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. The splendid photographic views of strange lands and their birds, fish and plants are accompanied by descriptions by Mr. Pinchot who has a clever way of making his talk interesting as well as enlightening.

The picture begins with the Pinchots setting out in the schooner "Mary Pinchot" from New York harbor. The tour takes us to the Caribbean to Panama and thence to the South Seas of the Pacific. There are some breath-taking fights with porpoise and immense swordfish and the killing of a sea bat whose wing spread measures no less than 18 feet.

In the South Seas the scenic views are particularly beautiful and interesting scenes show the natives with their various industries. This picture is as entertaining as it is instructive. I'm sure you will like it.

Turksib

"TURKSIB" is the third and last of the three unusual travel-adventure pictures to which I referred at the beginning of this article. This

film tells a story which is purely the record of a remarkable achievement in railroad engineering, a feat by which nearly 900 miles of mountainous waste and apparently impassable desert were traversed by means of modern science. Were the feat described in a book I doubt if any but the technically-minded could be persuaded to read it, but presented as it is, through the pictorial medium of the screen, the engineering adventure becomes as exciting as any rip-snorting melodrama.

The title of the picture seems to be derived from the names of the two countries which the railroad links: Turkestan and Siberia. We may see the successive steps in the growth of this railroad which now crosses areas hitherto only traversed by slow caravans, and at the risk of great danger and many hardships.

Scenically the picture gains contrast by the Siberian landscapes and the semi-tropical scenery of Turkestan. Unlike many pictures that have come out of Russia, "Turksib" is not weighted down with any very obvious Soviet propaganda. The direction, photography and camera angles are all interesting, and the film has both a story and an educational interest.

The Big Pond

THIS charming, light comedy which was played successfully on the legitimate stage a couple of seasons ago makes a perfect vehicle for that engaging French comedian, Maurice Chevalier. If you liked Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris" or "The Love Parade," you will be even more delighted with him in this sparkling little comedy.

The story of the play tells of an American family abroad. The daughter has fallen in love with their French guide, and to break off the romance the father, who is a manufacturer of chewing gum, invites the young Frenchman to come to America and work in his factory. Much to the surprise of the father, the Frenchman takes to American business methods as a duck takes to water and soon becomes one of the most important men in the company. The father now favors the young man, but unfortunately the daughter, too, has changed. The charming, romantic attentions by which the young Parisian first won the girl's affection have been lost in the bustle of American business. To pique her too-commercial lover the girl pretends to have fallen in love with his rival, but then the Frenchman rises to the occasion and remembers his neglected romantic graces just in time to achieve a happy ending.

Chevalier's portrayal is scintillating, delightful. Claudette Colbert, as the [Continued on page 37]



Will Rogers and Irene Rich in
"So This is London"

A DIAMOND AND AN EGG AND A BAR OF SOAP



ALL HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON « « «

If you were buying diamonds, you'd want the finest stones, not the greatest number of stones, that your money would buy. You'd look for a bargain in *value*.

When you buy eggs, you want the freshest, not the "most for your money." For freshness means *value*, and that's what you're after.

In buying soap, you again have your choice between a bargain in price and a bargain in value—between ordinary soaps and Fels-Naptha. The first may save you a penny or so at the store—the second will save you a great deal of work in your washing. And after all, isn't that the most important thing in a soap—the work it will do—the help it can give you?

Fels-Naptha gives you *extra* help. It brings two active cleaners to the washing job—good golden soap and naptha, instead of just soap. And there's *plenty* of naptha in each bar—you can smell it.

Working hand-in-hand, these two busy cleaners loosen dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing. Your wash comes off the line clean through and through, with the fresh, sweet odor of home-washed clothes.

Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help, no matter how you use it. It's one soap you don't have to pamper. Naturally it washes best

in hot water—all soaps do. But it also washes beautifully in lukewarm, or even cool water—whether you soak your clothes or boil them; whether you use washing machine or tub. And Fels-Naptha works so swiftly that you don't have your hands in water long, which helps keep them nice.

Use Fels-Naptha for all household cleaning tasks as well as for the family wash. Get a few bars (or the handy 10-bar carton) from your grocer today—and learn about this bargain in value! © 1930, FELS & CO.



FELS-NAPTHA

The Golden Bar with the Clean Naptha Odor

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. W. H. M.—8-30
Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to cover postage.
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Fill in completely—print name and address

TRANSITION

By

Constance Travers Sweatman

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen



Cherry was saving, skimping herself for food, repairing flimsy rayon, so that she might flaunt a pair of gaudy earrings.

THERE were the earrings, still unclaimed, their blaze of brilliants dimmed by the dust of weeks.

"Boy!" Cherry hugged Peter's arm. "Still there! Only ten more bucks to save, and they're mine!"

"Paste. And you, with the prettiest ears—"

She snuggled close. "Remember my ears that first day—"

"Six weeks ago Saturday—"

"An' I came in the store an' you said they were frozen, an' boy! Did it hurt, when you thawed them out with snow!"

"They looked like a couple of ripe tomatoes when I got through, remember?"

Remember. Remember. Remember. They loved to say "Remember?" as though love's memory were a sieve, and impressions were as water.

"What you see in earrings—"

He led her away from the window. Over her shoulder she gave her coveted treasure a farewell glance. "I loathe them. They're barbarous. They make even you look hard—"

"Maybe I am hard. Maybe you just haven't discovered it yet. Maybe I'm a gold-digger. Maybe I'm trying to dig earrings out of you. Maybe I think you're a millionaire in disguise—"

"And maybe you're a cross-eyed Hottentot," he laughed and squeezed her thin little arm against his side.

"You can't bear those earrings because they're paste."

"I hate sham stuff," he said.

"But that's so silly, unless you have a million dollars! What's a soda-fountain clerk like me to do, if I won't buy shams? I like things pretty. I gotta buy rayon instead of silk, and this fur collar is just the remains of somebody's old cow, I know that! If I wasn't satisfied with shams, I'd be out of luck!"

"I wish I had a million," he said. "I'd buy you everything there is. I'd buy you turquoises, for your eyes, and rubies, for your mouth, and onyx, for your hair—"

"You don't need a million," she laughed. "You got a 'line' that any millionaire would give his last shirt to have! You talk like a po'try book."

"I never had it before I met you," he said.

"There just aren't words enough, or ways enough, to tell you—"

She drew him into the shadow of an alley. "This way—" she said. And instead of ready words upon his lips, there were her lips. "Words—" she whispered, in supreme contempt for a poet's way of telling.

They talked no more of earrings, or of shams. Talking was just so much wasted effort. For how could Peter of the poet's dreams tell Cherry who must be satisfied with shams or break her heart with yearnings, that, to have nothing were better than to have ability to satisfy with travesties one's heart's desire?

PETER and Cherry were both intent on saving the same sum. Peter needed forty dollars where-with to travel the short distance between the city in which he worked at every opportunity to put himself through college—and his old home in the country town in which his mother still lived while she waited alone for this last, youngest child of hers to educate himself, to win his laurels, and—of such stuff are dream-worlds made—to send for her. Cherry was saving, skimping herself for food, repairing flimsy rayon, so that she might flaunt a pair of gaudy earrings now bearing a soiled ticket marked "\$40.00" Peter's visit was to be a surprise for his frail old mother on her birthday. Cherry's earrings were to be a present to herself, "Because, darn it," said Cherry, "Why not give yourself sumpin' you get a kick out of, instead of blowing all you got on beefsteaks?"

When she said that to him, Peter had murmured something about "anemones," which he declined to repeat.

"Anemones, did you say, Pete? And what has a pair of paste earrings to do with anemones?"

"Nothing," said Peter. "Nothing at all, dear."

"Anemones are flowers, not jewels, silly! I know that much!"

"Are they, dear?" said Peter tenderly, and kissed her white neck, as white as all anemones.

At wintry noons for the past six weeks, Peter's day of monotonous labour during Christmas vacation, and on Saturdays, had filled with color when the door of the self-serve grocery store which paid him money for tuition, opened, and admitted Cherry's scarlet beret, and Cherry's gamin smile. Cherry worked next door.

Sometimes fortune favored them and there was an oasis between customers.

"Gee, Cherry, your cheeks—cool—they're like the inside of a shell—smooth—"

And practical Cherry—"Hope I never have to use rouge—but don't kid yourself, my red lips came out of the cosmetic counter!"

"That's all right with me, people don't look dressed these days with pale mouths—"

And after a pause—"I was laughing in his ear, and the pink pallor of the heart of a shell against his cheek."

They had no money for stereotyped amusements; but each evening after supper they met on a corner and strolled down town talking, talking, like two

magpies. Cherry's feet always led them to the pawnbroker's window.

"They're still there, Pete! Gee, I wish I had that last six! Somebody'll snap 'em up before I've saved enough!"

"Let's go in and see if he won't let's pay something down, Cherry."

But the black-bearded one behind the dirty counter washed his skinny hands with fetid air and told them he never did that. He couldn't afford to. He might get a cash offer any day.



"Me!" said Peter. "Take your money? Say—I'm no money maker, but, well, 'here's a limit'."

Business was terrible. No, forty dollars was the bottom price. The earrings were reduced from sixty dollars. They could see that for themselves, on the ticket. And they went out together, a little forlorn, to look in the window again.

"Cherry, let me loan you the six—"

"Now that"—said Cherry firmly, "is breaking the rules. Fifty-fifty. I told you that before, remember?"

Yes, he remembered. She had told him that when she suggested a cup of coffee at Child's one chilly night. She had suggested it. He had ordered coffee and maple toast, and attempted to pay for it all. Cherry had demanded her own check. "I ast you to come," she said. "We neither of us can afford it. That makes us square. Fifty-fifty, Pete, if you want to play around with me!"

"Some day," he said, handing her her check, "Listen, some day, I'm going to buy you the whole darn place!"

"Sure you are," she said. "In the meantime, don't make any mistake, I pay my own way, boy!"

PETER showed Cherry a letter from his mother. He made a great business of poohpoohing doctors generally. "Most of the time doctors are just guessing. Why, mother's always been the most active little cricket you ever saw! I remember once before, that was the year before father died, they told her she had a weak heart. She just laughed at them! She told them father was the patient, not she! She never paid any attention to them. She said it was just indigestion. And it must have been, because that was six years ago! I wish they hadn't told her, they'll frighten her. It's not like her to tell me, they must have frightened her, darn them!"

Cherry kissed his eyelids. "Listen, Pete. This is what you're gonta do. You're gonta take my earring money, and beat it right home now, before it's too—I mean, before

Continued on Page 49

New Fashions for your Skin

by MRS.
ADRIAN ISELIN
II

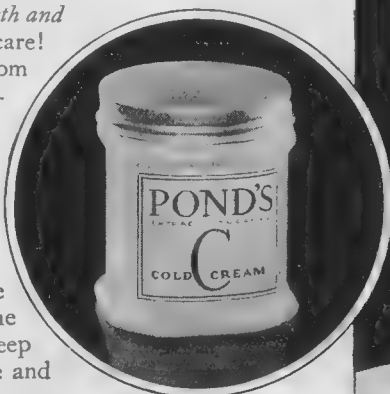
"NEW FASHIONS for your skin, to go with the new fashions in frocks. When fashions change, our faces must change, too!

"Yesterday the keynote was smartness. Today it is charm . . . loveliness, romance, the fascination of the eternal feminine. White shoulders gleaming in the ballroom . . . fair faces shadowed under the new wide hats . . . skin fine as silk, lustrous as pearls, delicately tinted as flowers.

"Sun-tan? Yes, if you really must—but guard the fragile texture of your skin with utmost care! For sun-tan as a fad is passing. From the smartest bathing beach in Europe, Deauville, comes this dictum, *Three things a beautiful woman has which are white: her skin, her teeth and her hands.* So—let us take care!

"Everyone returning from Paris tells of the extraor-

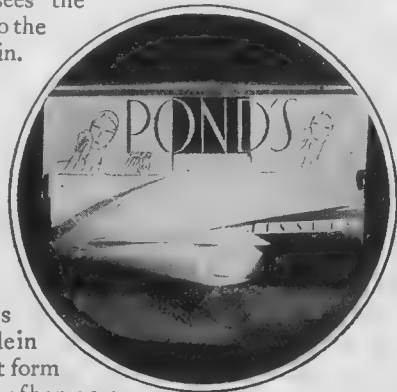
*Skin fine
as Silk*



inary pains that the Famous Forty who set the fashions are taking to keep their skin dazzlingly fine and fair. And smart American women are following the lead of these chic Parisiennes. On the tennis courts at Piping Rock; watching the polo at Narragansett Pier; taxi-ing by airplane between New York and Newport, as they all do constantly; at Bailey's Beach; at the Beach Casino at Southampton; at the Saratoga races; on the yachts at the Cup Defender trial races—everywhere one sees the importance given to the protection of the skin.

"I myself always

*That
Alabaster
look*



use Pond's four famous preparations because they provide in the simplest, purest form these four essentials of home care:

"To keep the skin like silk . . . Pond's Cold Cream, the lightest and most exquisite obtainable, for immaculate cleansing several times a day and always after exposure.

"To give that alabaster look of utter daintiness . . . Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, safe, super-absorbent



A personage of captivating charm and distinction, Mrs. Adrian Iselin II is the brilliant leader of one of the most exclusive coteries in New York. Here she is dressed for the summer races, in black and white chiffon, a Paquin model, with Reboux hat of satin-trimmed black Milan, both by Hattie Carnegie.



*Fresh
Natural
Color*

for removing all the cream and dirt.

"To assure fresh natural color, Pond's Skin Freshener . . . which banishes oiliness and shine and keeps the skin young.

"To bestow a peach-bloom finish . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream, so delicate that only the daintiest film is needed for powder base and all-important protection from sun



*A Peach-Bloom
Finish*

and wind. And this Vanishing Cream is precious, too, to keep your hands smooth and white.

"Try them! Follow Pond's Method from today—and persevere! Here's to your charm and your success!"

Madeleine d'Engle Iselin.

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The Chair of Charm

Has Scores of Types to Choose From

By
Katherine Caldwell

NOW do we choose our chairs—when the pleasant moment arrives to select a new one? Or if the chair is not to be actually new, but may have a new cover, just what does this season offer in the way of delightful fabrics with which to gain the new effect?

With the first of these questions in mind, I have had my eye open especially for what I might call "well-chosen chairs." For it is so possible to buy a fine chair that is nevertheless not to be described as well-chosen, when it is considered in relation to the room it will help to furnish! And I have also visited shops and cabinet makers and interior decorators, to see what they all have to offer—now that the season approaches when we think once more of the comfort and enjoyment provided by the family living-room.

As has so often been said by all lovers of fine furniture—there are old designs which no art, however new and interesting, can improve upon; we hold this to be true, even when we like and admire what the new era has produced.

Tribute is freely given at all times, to those master designers of the eighteenth century, who made of English furniture something at once so beautiful and so practical and durable, that it could never fail to find appreciation. So long as chairs are in use, the gracious and lovely chairs of Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite and the brothers Adam, will influence many of them. Whilst the surviving originals are gathered more and more closely into the museums and the famous collections of the world, their descendants continue to be made in ever-increasing numbers. The cabinet makers and the manufacturers of better-class furniture are alive to the beauty of these old designs and also to the great appreciation that the public has for them. And so there have come within our reach, the reach of the average moderate purse, really fine and beautiful pieces that accord with the increased standard of furnishing that is one of the marked characteristics of the modern home.

I THINK it would be safe to say that chairs have never played a more interesting part in our furnishings than they are doing at the present time. Certainly they are far more effective than they were a few years ago, when one or two large armchairs matching an overstuffed chesterfield, was the almost invariable order of the living-room. This made for comfort, of course—for the few people these large pieces accommodated—but so frequently these chairs were extravagantly broad and deep and wide-armed, and they occupied far more than their share of floor-space in a room that was not nobly proportioned. After a few years, we seemed to realize that fact and call for something more practical. So easy chairs that proved quite as comfortable, made their appearance on much less space-demanding lines. And instead of choosing sofa and chairs cut, as it were, on exactly the same pattern, we looked for added interest in individual but harmonizing pieces.

Such hold has this idea taken generally, that it was interesting to note that at the Canadian National Exhibition a year ago (and I believe the same thing is to be more than ever in evidence this year), the furniture exhibitors emphasized this idea themselves by showing a chesterfield, with perhaps a single nicely proportioned arm-chair and another chair something along the lines of one of those illustrated on this page—



Moderately carved, handsomely covered, a chair of this type contributes definitely to a room's character.

a very dignified chair with a polished wood frame very much in evidence. The covering was sometimes of the same material as that used for the chesterfield, sometimes of quite another but blending material. Again, one of the chairs would be the well-loved wing type, or a trim and tiny lady's chair, sometimes with the special-height arms that make the ideal sewing-chair—affording a rest for both arms whilst madame indulges in a little needle-work.

Such a trio of pieces cannot help adding more to the interest of a living-room, than three identically-outlined pieces of the sturdy but duller suite idea. And from that point we go on and on, as far as the size of our room and the extent of our requirements shall suggest. Nothing seems to contribute more to the enjoyable qualities of a living-room than plenty of comfortable chairs. And as for adding to the apartment—only taste and pocket-

book need restrain it!

A VERY attractive room I know, has among its chief furnishings a deep and well-cushioned sofa, with a permanent covering, and loose cushions covered with the same material. The legs are plain, nicely turned. A favorite Chippendale type of armchair appears in the ladder-back, and its seat employs the same fabric as the sofa—a softly two-toned stripe in lovely greens. Richly glowing in another corner, is a Queen Anne armchair upholstered in dull gold; and drawn up in the most companionable fashion on each side of the fireplace, is a pair of quaint small armchairs, trimly covered in what looks like old needlework, with a medallion motif in the centre of the back and seat—a motif glowing with rich colors that are repeated in the room in the massed bindings of books and in three or four richly-hued pictures, strikingly fine (though by no means costly) reproductions of gorgeous originals.

Of course there are other small pieces—plenty of small tables to bring to each chair-side the trifles that add to comfort and enjoyment; a rosewood spinet-desk of light and graceful lines; cushions of the green and old-gold, and the warm gleam of brass here and there—at the fireplace, used as ivy-bowls, candlesticks and book-ends, and in one or two of the tiny elbow-tables. And perhaps the loveliest color-note in the room comes from a pair of antique yellow

wall-cabinets that hang at the sides of the principal window, making a most effective end-wall. Another equally successful room, in my estimation, is one which, because it is much smaller itself, has had to be furnished to a scale or the result could only be stuffy and dull. This room has, moreover, to play a double rôle, for when there is a guest staying at the tiny apartment, the living-room must extend guest-room hospitality.

This clever hostess arranged ahead for the delightful care of her visitors, without allowing the fact to be for one moment apparent when the room is filling its usual living-room rôle.

In her first apartment, when this same arrangement was in force, she used instead of a sofa, a very charming day-bed, in walnut finish. This she has put into a small study her professor-husband requires, and in the living-room, one of the clever modern davenport has been installed—a most luxurious chesterfield, most of the time, and upon necessity, it opens out to provide a most luxurious bed! "So now," quoth the moving spirit of this altogether delightful and ever-hospitable ménage, "we can put you all up, for we have two guest-rooms!" And her arrangements seem to leave nothing to be desired by occasional guests, yet the omnipresent husband has the room he really needs for his work, and the living-room is a model of charm and comfort.

Four slim side-chairs, with cabriole and highly polished frames, have seat-covers of a delightful wool material in soft tones of blue. These light little chairs that are so easily moved into companionable proximity with the heavier pieces, are a surprising aid to hospitality; they serve at the bridge table, too, of course, and make themselves generally useful.

A little upholstered tub-chair and a small wing-chair, were tested for their comfortable lines. One is covered in dull blue monk's cloth, the other in rose-red repp with an indistinct pattern over it. The big, downy-cushioned sofa wears with distinction a covering of heavy black upholsterers' sateen. The black note sounds again as the ground-color in two delightful stools with needlepoint covers, their designs featuring plenty of rose red and the blues amongst the rich colors used. The same colors appear in the oriental patterned rugs.

A bright Indian shawl, folded across one arm of the sofa, is a touch of brilliant color and a handy "throw" when the restful suggestion of the sofa is followed. Above the writing table hangs a piece of brilliant Russian embroidery—more of those gorgeous reds! A colorful tapestry panel is mounted on the swing door which leads to the pantry—a door which is usually closed and thus can fill a most decorative rôle. At the windows there are lovely shadow-chintz curtains, blue ground with soft rose and red floral design—not too large for the room. Before the fireplace, at the tea or coffee hour, there stands a big brass coffee tray on a folding ebony stand—and the brass is enamelled in glowing colors. On one small table which supports a lamp with a spreading parchment shade, the light is thrown down upon another gorgeous piece of fabric used as a runner. And another dainty [Continued on page 50]



Dignified, almost stately, such a chair has unchanging elegance in the formal type of room.

It Gives Your Teeth A Double Cleansing!

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices
Where Tooth Decay May Start*

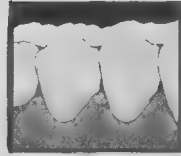
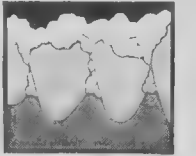


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low Surface-Tension") penetrates deep down into the Crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate's penetrating foam sweeps into tiny crevices, washing out decaying particles as well as polishing the surfaces . . . thus cleansing teeth completely.



IT is easy to fool yourself that you have really cleaned your teeth, after vigorously scrubbing the outer surfaces until they sparkle.

But unless you use a dentifrice like Colgate's, whose active foam penetrates the spaces between teeth, and the tiny fissures where food particles collect, and *washes* out these hard-to-clean places,

you haven't done a complete job of cleansing. Your teeth, though pearly white, are only *half* clean!

Not all dentifrices are able to clean these crevices equally well. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any leading toothpaste . . . hence, Colgate's cleans best. Its lively, bubbling foam creates a remarkable property which enables it to penetrate into tiny spaces, softening the impurities and literally flooding them away in a wave of cleanliness.

Thus Colgate's cleanses the teeth completely . . . *washing* out the crevices as well as polishing the surfaces brilliantly. Why not give your teeth this *double* protection?

Colgate's is the largest-selling toothpaste in the world today. More dentists recommend it than any other.

If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder . . . it has the same high cleansing ability as Ribbon Dental Cream.



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CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
WINDSOR ONTARIO

A CANADIAN-MADE PRODUCT

The House of Scandal

Continued from page 9

hair was young Mrs. Ilingworth. But young Mrs. Ilingworth's hair was as black as the night, and she was slender and genteel.

This new woman was very light, and somewhat plump—the antithesis of Ilingworth's wife, and when first old Mrs. Bellamy saw her, she and Ilingworth were standing face-to-face under the dining-room light.

"Where is his wife?" asked old Mrs. Bellamy of herself.

As though in answer to her question, another light flashed forth in Number Seventeen, and there, almost above the dining-room, in a diminutive second-storey room, sat young Mrs. Ilingworth, in a strange attitude of dejection. At last she picked up some stockings from a basket and began to darn away for dear life. She seemed utterly oblivious of the things that were going on downstairs.

"What is going on downstairs?" whispered old Mrs. Bellamy to her inner consciousness.

First of all, the woman with the bleached hair took off her long cloak—a cheap imitation of an automobile coat. Young Mr. Ilingworth stepped up close to her and contemplated for an instant her height. He placed his hands upon her shoulders. Then he drew away, and watched her while she slowly turned and turned and turned. He might have been a woman's tailor, so closely did he examine the fit of her garment. Then, suddenly, he drew her toward him, almost tenderly, and drew her head down upon his breast.

"He's hugging her!" exclaimed old Mrs. Bellamy, aloud.

Upstairs, oblivious to it all, sat young Mrs. Ilingworth, darning stockings for dear life.

Suddenly Ilingworth drew some papers from his pocket and laid them flat and smooth upon the table. He beckoned to the young woman with the bleached hair, and with their heads together, they pored over the papers for many minutes. At times they looked each other in the eye and laughed, sometimes, apparently, derisively. Finally, she too drew some papers from her pocket of her automobile coat, and laid them flat upon the table.

"Are they marriage certificates, or certificates of stock, or love letters, or what?" sighed the watcher in the gloom. For the first time in her life, the opera glasses caused her decided dissatisfaction. But not for long. For suddenly Ilingworth began talking to the girl with the bleached hair gently, pleadingly. He seemed to be urging her to do something for him—with him. She became unaccountably shy. As he advanced toward her, she retreated. She shook her head. She withstood his advances. She held the attitude of one who would say to a fascinating tempter: "Get thee behind me, Satan."

"She certainly is better than she looks," thought Mrs. Bellamy to herself.

Once the girl raised her hand, as though pointing to the room above where the man's wife was sitting. Ilingworth took advantage of that gesture on the instant. He caught the girl madly, madly crushed her to him, and covered her face with vehement kisses.

The rest of it was a whirl of excitement for the audience. The only thing that old Mrs. Bellamy could remember through the haze, was that finally the girl seemed to yield—she drew on her automobile coat, replaced her hat which she had removed, and started with him toward the door. He drew on his grey slouch hat. Side by side, Ilingworth supporting her, the man and the woman opened the door leading from the dining room into the hall. No sooner had they opened it than each sprang back in alarm. Mrs. Bellamy nearly fainted with excitement.

"His wife is out there in the hall," she assured herself.

But she was mistaken. She glanced once more at the second storey room, and there, almost nodding with sleep, still sat young Mrs. Ilingworth, still

darning stockings for the man who was playing her so false.

"Any news, Mother?" laughed young Mrs. Bellamy of her mother-in-law at lunch next day. "Any scandal? Any gossip?"

Mother-in-law Bellamy drank her tea with inward satisfaction. "No, Ernestine," she answered, with considerable evasion, "nothing—of account."

For the first time in her life old Mrs. Bellamy had encountered a scandal that didn't need propping up—that didn't require imagination to fill it out—and she made up her mind that she was going to nurse it to the end. Somewhere in the future there was a climax waiting for her. When it arrived she would talk, talk, talk, but not before.

"They can have their Genevieve Tolleriver," she would sniff as she applied the glasses to her optics, "this sort of thing is good enough for me."

FOR two more nights the girl with the bleached hair and the plump figure visited the home of the Ilingworths. Her advent on each of these two nights was preceded by a little cold love-making that Ilingworth conceded to his wife up in the stocking-darning room.

"I'll bet he locks her in that room," thought the lady with the opera glasses, indignantly.

But if his love-making to his wife above were cool, its temperature rose as soon as the interloper made her appearance in the dining-room below. And yet the lady with the opera glasses somehow felt that the girl with the bleached hair was not altogether in sympathy with the situation. She seemed hypnotized by Ilingworth. She seemed to tolerate his advances, but not to reciprocate. She seemed, somehow, to feel the presence of the woman who sat toiling overhead. This continued coolness on the part of Bleached Hair seemed to anger Ilingworth, and on the third evening of his passionate love-making to this cheap beauty, he shook his head finally, in anger, in despair, and cast her off.

"Oh, I'm so glad, so glad," murmured the voice behind the opera glasses. But the soul of Mrs. Bellamy was not glad. For this scandalous romance was going to be nipped in the bud.

Bleached hair drew on her automobile coat, casting rebellious glances toward her lover, and went out, alone. He accompanied her, apparently, to the street door, and then came back to the dining-room, and moodily, almost disgustingly, turned out the light.

An instant later he reappeared in the little room above. His young wife welcomed him with open arms. He sat down on a chair, his hands upon his knees, and talked, talked dejectedly. As he talked on, his young wife seemed to brighten. Finally she went up to him, and kissed him. But upon her, so it seemed, to old Mrs. Bellamy, there was ever the air of some slave who sought to propitiate her master, but who was secretly glad at his disappointment and disgust.

"Now," said the voice of Mrs. Bellamy senior, "I hope he behaves himself after all this."

But her inmost consciousness unquestionably craved for more.

The next morning when old Mrs. Bellamy went down to breakfast, Arthur Bellamy, her son, was assiduously reading from the morning paper. He stopped while she seated herself at her end of the table.

"Mother," he said, "you take care they don't get you. Look out for yourself. They'll catch you if you don't watch out."

"Who?" queried his mother.

"Mormons," gasped young Mrs. Bellamy.

"Mormons," returned the old lady; "they're all out in Utah."

"Not a bit of it," said Bellamy; "they're all over. The paper says this morning that there are several colonies of them right in this state—that they're trying to convert people to their religion. You watch out." [Continued on page 26]

"1-GRAIN nitroglycerine tablets! what are you going to do, man--- BLOW UP A BANK?"



THAT IS what he asked for. And that is what he would have got—if the Druggist hadn't known better.

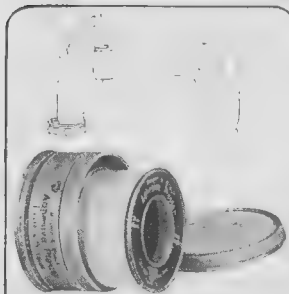
But the Druggist *did* know. He knew that the usual therapeutic dose of nitroglycerine is only 1-100 of a grain, and that in his business it is deadly-dangerous to apply the complacent rule, "The customer is always right."

The Druggist knew because his profession *required* him to. To pass his examinations in pharmacy and win his license he had studied, among a host of other subjects, Posology, the science of doses. On his shoulders, in the interest of public welfare, had been placed the responsibility of knowing the *safe and proper doses of every drug*.

A weighty responsibility, that. Did you know that your Druggist may be held liable for filling *exactly as written* a prescription which, through error, calls for an improper dose? . . .

Perhaps that gives you a new conception of the importance of the Druggist as an able, educated, responsible professional servant of the public. It should. Your Druggist is no ordinary merchant. His first concern is the health and comfort of the community.

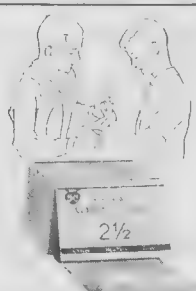
It is an honor to the products of Bauer & Black that so many Druggists prefer to sell them. But every Druggist knows that Bauer & Black adhesive plaster, sterile gauze, bandages, and absorbent cotton—to name only a few—are of such high quality as to merit his most earnest professional endorsement.



BAUER & BLACK Zinc Oxide Adhesive Plaster. Buy the five yard spool for greatest economy



BAUER & BLACK Sterile Absorbent Cotton in the Handy Package. Soft, fluffy, highly absorbent



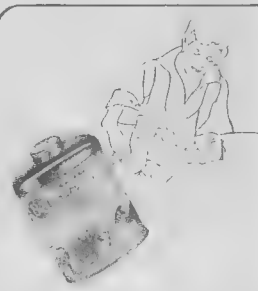
BAUER & BLACK Sterile Gauze Bandages, in sealed cartons. Frayless edge prevents raveling



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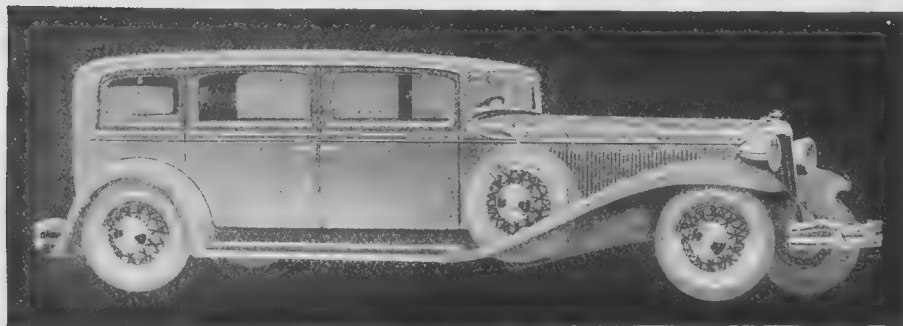
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A sumptuous Straight Eight of breath-taking power and speed ability. Beautiful beyond words. Built to the finest standards in every detail. Four magnificent body styles: 7-Passenger Sedan (Illustrated); Sedan Limousine; 5-Passenger Sedan; Close-Coupled 5-Passenger Sedan.

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A Straight Eight of silky, flashing speed. Designed, like its companion car, with very low center of gravity. Multi-Range 4-speed transmission. Chrysler internal hydraulic brakes. Four moderately-priced body styles: Royal Sedan; Convertible Coupe; Coupe with rumble seat; Roadster.

The House of Scandal

Continued from page 24

"Dear me," said old Mrs. Bellamy indifferently. She was so engrossed in the proceedings of the last few nights that even Mormons could not interest her.

"Any news, Mother?" queried Ernestine, as one who came daily to the fountain-head for information. "Any scandal?"

"Nothing," said her mother-in-law. And then the mother-in-law nearly choked over her coffee. Mormons. The Ilingworths!

Nervously she stretched forth her hand. "Let me see that paper, if you please" she said.

She read it through. She finished her breakfast, and stalked into the library and drew forth that volume of Bellamy's latest encyclopedia marked "Mag-Mot." She examined his history of the United States, his new complete geography of America.

Then she crept up to her room and thought it over.

"Mormons," she gasped again. That was the solution of the secret of the mystery of the Ilingworths. Therein lay the explanation of the complacency of Ilingworth's young wife, of his blatant love-making, his open passion.

"He's going to take another wife. He's picking one out. His wife—the first one—is dark and slender and reserved. He wants his second to be light and stout and demonstrative. Oh, the villain, villain, villain!"

IT WAS on the evening of that day that the tall aggressive beauty with the auburn hair appeared.

Ilingworth received this woman—she was just a shade older than the first—with reserve. Evidently he had made up his mind that he was not going to be turned down again. He invited her to take a seat, said a few words to her, and then seated himself, and they both waited.

A door opened, and his wife appeared. He introduced the new-comer to his wife. His wife sat down somewhat aloof and glanced at the girl with the auburn hair.

In all his wife's demeanor there still was that strange element of dog-like obedience; of doing something that she was forced to do against her will, something at which her nature revolted.

"A white slave," murmured old Mrs. Bellamy to herself.

Finally, after a short, somewhat restricted conversation, Ilingworth's wife rose, held out her hand to the other woman, and then disappeared—once more to mend stockings? But no—not this time. Evidently Ilingworth's scanty store of hosiery had been fully repaired. And young Mrs. Ilingworth, instead of performing manual labor, spread out before her some sheets of paper upon her sewing-machine, and read, and read, and read. This occupation being uninteresting to the watcher in the window, she trained her glasses once more on the dining-room below.

"Oh, you hussy!" she exclaimed.

Her exclamation was well justified. There was no holding back on the part of the lady with auburn hair. She met Ilingworth half way—more than half way. If he advanced toward her, she advanced toward him. She darted languishing, soul-stimulating glances into his eyes. She took the initiative. There was no need for him to crush her against his breast. She was already there, with kisses, warm; with caresses, palpitating.

"More like a tigress than a Mormoness," thought the lady with the opera glasses. "Oh, if he takes her for his second, he'll regret it."

In fact, Ilingworth somehow seemed already to regret it. Her overpowering passion seemed to weaken him. The room seemed filled with the glory of a woman with glorious auburn hair. He seemed to shrink in size, force, in everything. But he could not elude her. He had chosen her, but she, too, had chosen him—and like some gorgeous, golden spider, she seemed to draw him, a puny fly, into her net. He struggled, but in vain.

Finally, in a last mad, glad burst of passion, the woman with the auburn

hair seized him about the shoulders, and with her head upon his breast, and her whole being clinging to him in a climactic frenzy, she forced him towards the door with the eagerness of one who would fly with him to the ends of the earth.

The door opened, and young Mrs. Ilingworth entered.

For the first time during old Mrs. Bellamy's observation of her, young Mrs. Ilingworth stood aghast, and appalled. She seemed petrified, speechless.

"Is it possible," thought Mrs. Bellamy to herself, "that she didn't know what was going on down there—that she didn't know what to expect? She must be a ninny if she thought she could leave that red-headed hussy alone with her husband for two minutes and not have goings-on."

But it was quite evident that the young wife was quite unprepared for the scene before her. She uttered some sharp exclamation. Instantly young Ilingworth and the tigress separated, the one from the other, and stood apart, glancing somewhat sheepishly toward the woman who was his wife. The attitude of the wife immediately changed from deference to cold disapproval. Before she had seemed the slave. Now suddenly she became the mistress. But she held herself wonderfully in reserve. She held the door opened, talked evenly, coldly, so it seemed, to the red-haired rival, watched her don her wraps, bowed her adieus, and showed her out. Then she came back to the dining-room table, and faced her husband, and from that instant all acquiescence dropped from her. Her eyes flashed fire. Vituperation, denunciation, withering sarcasm seemed to pour forth from her. Her husband pulled himself together, but stared at her with open eyes. Suddenly, she seemed to go all to pieces. She broke forth on the instant, in a torrent of weeping—but of infuriated weeping. If the other woman had been a tigress this woman now became a lioness.

"He is getting his," said old Mrs. Bellamy, descending, for the instant, to the patois of the day.

As his wife spoke, young Ilingworth once more fell into that troubled, steady pace of his, up and down, up and down the room. He walked as one who was in a troubled dream, or as one who had just waked up from one.

Suddenly he stopped before his wife, and his arm shot out into the air like lightning, and his forefinger pointed directly into her eyes. He talked rapidly, furiously, convincingly.

She gazed at him, suddenly aghast.

In another instant the joy had come back to her face, and she laughed, happily, hysterically. Ilingworth, too, began to laugh. Trouble, uncertainty, seemed to roll from him, and with one wild, happy swoop he was upon her, and had clasped her in his arms.

Even the acidulous soul of old Mrs. Bellamy was gladdened. "Confound the man," she exclaimed joyously, "will he never stop hugging women—every woman that he sees?"

The whole thing would have been a very fitting end to what had threatened to become a tragedy, were it not for the disturbing fact that on the night following all this a new character appeared upon the scene.

This new character was a rather handsome, stockily-built man, with a moustache, and the very baggy trousers, and the button-hole bouquet.

His advent, it transpired, was the most significant of all.

THE man with the baggy trousers at first seemed somewhat shy—at least in the presence of young Mrs. Ilingworth. On the first night of his advent he was fidgety and ill-at-ease. Ilingworth offered him a cigar and they sat and smoked and talked. The stranger never spoke to Mrs. Ilingworth unless she spoke to him; never looked at her unless the conversation, turned, somehow, her way. At first he seemed a mild sort of man, who glanced interestedly at the scanty pictures on the wall. [Cont'd on page 28]

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The House of Scandal

Continued from page 26

at the cheap wallpaper, and at the plates on the plate-rack, as though to get accustomed to his surroundings. The more old Mrs. Bellamy studied his countenance through her powerful glasses, the more she liked him. He seemed to be a frank sort of individual, of winning ways.

For three nights he came and smoked, and they all talked together in a friendly way over the papers that Ilingworth constantly laid out upon the table, and more and more the conversation seemed to drift toward Mrs. Ilingworth. Ilingworth constantly extended his hand toward his wife, while his glance still rested on the stranger, as though he were extolling her virtues and graces. As the nights went on, the stranger's glance brightened and he seemed to grow more vivacious. His interest in the wife of Ilingworth seemed to deepen—it became almost personal.

"What's that Mormon of an Ilingworth trying to do?" thought Mrs. Bellamy; "is he trying to sell his wife to a stranger? Is he trying to exchange her—is he gettin' rid of her before he takes another on? What's he getting at, anyway?"

If that were his purpose, it seemed slowly to succeed. The stranger and the married woman became friendlier than ever. This became unusually apparent every time that Ilingworth would leave the room, which he would do at almost regular intervals, as though to throw the two together—to give them every opportunity. Each opportunity they seized with avidity. No sooner was Ilingworth's back turned than the man with the baggy trousers now would hitch his chair close to Mrs. Ilingworth's—his rather handsome eyes glancing boldly into hers, respectfully at first and later ardently. And once he kissed her hand. Then Ilingworth would come back, and the old careless manner of the stranger would return, and Mrs. Ilingworth would draw back into her shell of propriety, and all go on as before.

Old Mrs. Bellamy froze up. "The lady Mormons are just as bad as the men," she told herself; "she's a hussy along with all the rest. Maybe she's been traded off before. She seems to like it, anyway."

It was five nights later that old Mrs. Bellamy held her breath.

That was the night that young Mrs. Ilingworth, palpitating with excitement, welcomed the man with the baggy trousers in the dining room—alone.

"Just the way he met those women," thought the watcher. She was quite right, with but one exception: that whereas, when Ilingworth had welcomed the ladies of the bleached and the auburn hair, respectively—his wife had been within the house, up in the little sewing-room. But now, all the house was dark, save the dining-room—Mrs. Ilingworth, and the man with the baggy trousers.

At first they spoke, apparently in whispers, looking fearfully about. Slowly, but with gathering strength, the stranger began to plead his cause. He loved her—Mrs. Bellamy could see that. He was sincere, strong, sympathetic. He had seemed stolid at the first. But now the warmth of his frank, generous, ardent temperament was making itself felt.

"I love you, Irene!"

Mrs. Bellamy could not hear him say it, but she knew, she could feel it—she could see young Mrs. Ilingworth shiver with the thrill that his vibrant tones had inspired in her. But she—the woman—seemed spellbound. She did not speak. She merely listened—her head held high, her face drawn, tense—upon it the rapt expression that a woman wears for but one man. Mrs. Bellamy bit her lips as she realized the one important thing.

"She loves this man," said Mrs. Bellamy to herself, "and—she never loved her husband."

It was a tragedy, terrible, sudden, but not, in the mind of old Mrs. Bellamy, one to be averted. The inevitable must happen. When a woman looked like that she must leave everything behind, at any, every cost, and fly, fly—with him.

Suddenly the stranger held out his arms and clutched the woman in his arms and drew her slowly but forcefully toward himself. For one instant the woman's white hand was placed protestingly against his forehead, and then—she clasped her arms about his neck, and lifted up her white, white face to be kissed—kissed.

They stood thus for an instant. Then the man released her, and turning, snatched up a wrap from a convenient chair and drew it gently about her, covering her from head to foot. Then, with his arm about her, they strode to the door.

They never opened it. They never had the chance.

The door opened of itself, by some unseen force, and Ilingworth sprang into the room. His face was red with anger. There were deep lines upon it.

They fell back aghast before him; helpless, stupefied. His forefinger leaped forth at them in denunciation. They started feebly to reply. He stopped them.

"I saw everything; I know everything," he seemed to say. Mrs. Bellamy leaned forward, her eyes bulging, her opera glasses pressed against the window pane.

"What is he going to do?" she wailed.

What he was going to do he did forth with. With one ferocious stride Ilingworth was upon his wife, stretching forth both hands as though to grasp and crush her. In that same instant the stranger was upon him—had leaped upon his back, was clinging heavily about his neck. He might as well have sprung upon a mastodon. Ilingworth was something more than Ilingworth. He was vengeance. He had superhuman strength. He turned upon the instant, seized the stranger about the waist and by some force in which there was more of trick than of strength, had flung the stockily built man into a corner. The stranger lay quite still.

For one brief, horrible instant, the wife stood, rooted to the spot as though petrified, staring, wide-eyed, open-mouthed at her husband. Then with a shriek that Mrs. Bellamy could hear, she fled, blindly, round and round the room, with Ilingworth in pursuit. He caught her finally and held her firmly with one hand, and dragged her to the table.

Wildness fled from him. He looked down upon her and grinned a diabolical grin.

Then he picked up from the table a heavy water bottle and brought it down once, twice, thrice upon her head.

He released his grasp. His wife slumped down upon the floor, a white, shapeless, lifeless mass upon the floor.

Ilingworth looked for an instant looking into space, imperturbable, inscrutable—dogged, desperate.

ARTHUR BELLAMY was sleeping the sleep of the just. He found himself suddenly, unaccountably, upright in his bed.

"What's that!" he exclaimed aloud.

There was a hurried, palpitating knock upon his door.

"Who's that!" he asked again.

There was another knock.

"Speak!" he commanded.

He waited. Finally, as from a long distance away, a voice forced itself in upon his ear—a feeble, quavering, horror-stricken voice.

"Arthur!"

"Mother!" he exclaimed. He leaped out of bed and unlocked his door. There stood old Mrs. Bellamy, shivering from head to toe.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, "aren't you abed? Why, it's nearly twelve o'clock," he added, glancing at the night clock on his table.

"Murder!" answered the old lady, quivering with dread.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. He took her by both arms. "Mother!" he exclaimed in alarm, "have you had—a stroke?" He dragged her into his room and forced her into a sitting posture on the bed. He knocked on his wife's door.

"Ernestine!" he yelled, "Mother—come—she's sick." [Continued on page 30]

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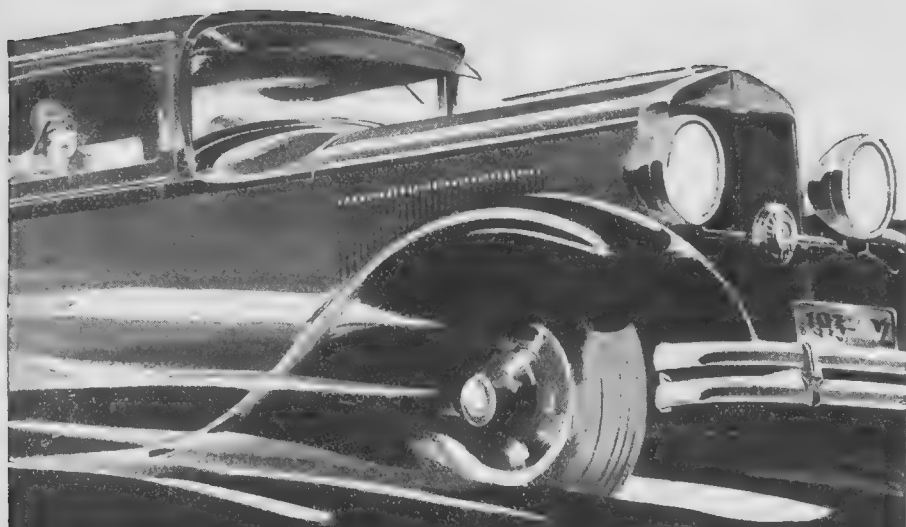
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The House of Scandal

Continued from page 31

Ernestine—in a robe de nuit—rushed in, crying out, "Aromatic spirits of ammonia," her idea of the first aid to the injured. By that time, however, old Mrs. Bellamy had recovered herself.

"I have not had a stroke. I am not sick," she insisted. "I have just witnessed a murder," she exclaimed.

"You've had a nightmare, Mother," returned her son.

"I have not been to bed. I have not been asleep," said the old lady. "A murder has been committed. Send for the police."

She waited to let it sink in. It sank in slowly—that she was in her right mind and talking sense.

"A murder—where?" they asked.

"Number Seventeen," she answered. "Where the Mormons live."

"Mormons," asked her son, "are they Mormons?"

The old lady nodded. "He," she went on, "has killed her."

She clutched Arthur Bellamy by the arm. "You telephone for the police," she said.

"Tell us all about it," they requested.

She told it, graphically, just as she had seen it.

"But," they protested, "how do you know all this?"

"Know it?" she replied in an awestricken voice. "Because I saw it with my eyes."

Ernestine Bellamy smiled with relief. "In their dining-room, you say?" she queried.

"Yes," breathed the old lady.

"Inside the house?"

"Yes."

"Why, Mother," exclaimed Ernestine, "I could never tell what was going on in that house over there. I can't see that far—inside that house. So how could you? You must have dreamed it."

"I saw it," she persisted. She became angry. "Send for the police," she said again.

Arthur Bellamy held up his hand. "No use sending for the police," he said, "because an old lady like you couldn't possibly see 'way over there."

She dragged them both into her room. She thrust them into chairs by her window.

"Look," she commanded. "What do you see?"

They looked. "Nothing," they replied.

"Aha!" she exclaimed. She thrust her opera-glasses into Arthur's hands. He looked up in surprise.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, "where did you get these?"

"Look through them," she commanded. He obeyed. She watched him in glee.

"Now what do you see?" she queried.

"Nothing," he replied.

She jerked her head in anger and passed them to Ernestine.

"You look," she commanded.

Ernestine, too, took the glasses, but slowly shook her head.

"I see nothing, Mother," she returned, "nothing at all."

The old lady took the glasses, adjusted them, and peered through them toward Number Seventeen.

She, too, saw nothing.

"Why—why—" she exclaimed, half in relief, half with disappointment. Then she clutched Arthur's arm again.

"I see six fine perpendicular lines of light," she said. "Everything is there. The light is lighted. But he has pulled down the shades."

One moment later she was at the telephone. Arthur followed her and jerked her arm from the receiver.

"Are you crazy, Mother?" he exclaimed.

"I am going to telephone for the police," she returned desperately; "I saw a murder committed. I know it was committed. You will not telephone. I must."

Bellamy sighed and finally gave up. "It's up to you, Mother," he exclaimed in despair. "Go your own gait, but don't mix me in it, whatever you do."

Old lady Bellamy got headquarters on the wire and told her tale in quavering tones.

"Are you sure?" queried the desk sergeant.

"I am the only witness to it," she replied, "but send your men up here. I shall tell them what to do."

She felt herself growing unaccountably strong, rising to the emergency. This was a crisis and she was equal to it. Headquarters responded gallantly to her summons, and sent up three men and a patrol-wagon.

"Leave the patrol-wagon here," she commanded, "and come with me."

With three blue-coats at her back, she left the house at the rear, and crossed the lawn toward Number Seventeen.

"One of you watch the back door," she hissed, as they reached their destination, "and two of you come with me."

They halted an instant and tried to peer through the cracks between the shades and window-frames. But, though the light was still there, nothing could be seen. They scurried silently around to the front door.

"You ring the front door-bell, said old Mrs. Bellamy to the nearest blue-coat. He paused for one instant, and in that instant an electric thrill seemed to charge all three of them.

The strange, unequalled moment of the running down of big game was upon them all.

Then the blue-coat stepped noiselessly upon the steps and pushed the button.

There was a moment of agonized suspense; of absolute silence. Then, from within somewhere, a door opened and flooded the interior hall of the cottage with bright light.

A man strode to the front door and opened it.

It was Ilingworth, the master of the house. Before he could exclaim, one of the blue-coats had placed half his body in the door, had forced it open, forcing Ilingworth against the wall. The other blue-coat followed, seizing Ilingworth as he passed in.

Old lady Bellamy came third. "What does this intrusion mean?" demanded Ilingworth.

"We'll show you," said the officers.

Swiftly, still with him between them, they entered the dining-room. Then they stopped.

"Well, of all the——" exclaimed blue-coat number one.

The scene was a peaceful one. At the table sat two people—one a dark-haired woman; one a stocky, rather handsome man with a moustache. He rose to his feet. His trousers were a bit baggy. He wore a button-hole bouquet. Ilingworth released himself and took third place at the table.

It was quite apparent that the three were eating cake and drinking coffee. Nothing but that was apparent, save that they seemed to enjoy the slight repast. The blue-coats turned to Mrs. Bellamy.

"Where is the murdered woman?" they enquired.

Mrs. Bellamy looked hard at Mrs. Ilingworth.

"And the stranger who's knocked out?"

Mrs. Bellamy looked at the baggy trousers to make sure.

"And the murderer?" they insisted.

Whereupon Ilingworth, with a ferocious look, seized the water-bottle and poised it in his hand.

"Gentlemen, good-night," he said to the officers. Whereupon the officers and Mrs. Bellamy thrust themselves out into the frosty midnight air, and stood there for an instant, wondering, disconsolate. And—that was all.

"Missus," said one of the reserves to old Mrs. Bellamy, as they wended their weary way, disconsolate, across the lawn, "I don't like to be personal, but my suggestion is that you change your brand of chewin' gum."

In the solitude of her boudoir, old Mrs. Bellamy thought it over.

"It's the last time," she told herself, as she packed her opera-glasses away, "that I'll trust to anything but my naked eyes."

(To be concluded next month)

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AS predicted in our last issue little change has been evidenced in general market conditions. The wheat situation is practically unchanged with a slightly lower tendency. The Free Press Crop Report recently issued forecast a somewhat less than average crop with moisture needed in various parts. However, on the very day of the issuing of the report rain fell in a large area of Western Canada, and to a certain degree offset the bullish nature of the report. It is to be sincerely hoped that a large crop will materialize, for, as the Bank of Montreal Monthly Letter states, bountiful crops will infuse activity into many branches of business now somewhat sluggish even though prices remain relatively low; especially is this true of transportation agencies whose traffics have suffered a serious relapse from short crops and retarded shipments.

PERHAPS the most serious situation in Canada today is that of unemployment. It is difficult to apportion correctly wherein lies the fault of having out of employment so many persons who are desperately anxious for work. It seems to be due to a combination of a partly unsold wheat crop, a drastic stock market crash and an over and unwise development in mining industry and speculation and a steady decline in commodity prices. Whatever is the cause there can be no gainsaying the fact that it exists and its existence is extremely uncomfortable. Two questions arise in the consideration of this problem, the one immediate and the other somewhat remote. First, how can the situation be immediately relieved and upon whom shall the burden of relief fall? Secondly, how can we avoid like situations in the future?

The world today is apparently suffering from overproduction and underconsumption of goods. Can we cut down production and increase consumption so as to balance the situation? This requires time, but economics teach us this is the ordinary manner in which these periodic disturbances are rectified. A recognition of this fact, however, is but scant comfort to a man suffering from the pangs of hunger. To await, as has been suggested by some, the calling of special conferences to deal with the subject is likewise a matter for the future and can afford no immediate relief. Closely linked up with this question of speedy action is the one: Upon whom is the duty devolved of providing relief? In Western Canada the larger cities have been flooded with applicants for relief. These cities have extended such sums as they can afford, and they now feel that the duty of relief should be assumed by either the provincial or federal authorities.

The provincial governments lay the blame upon the federal government, claiming that by an unwise immigration policy they have allowed peoples of other nations to come in at a time when they could not be readily absorbed. The situation which has been serious enough has thus become greatly intensified by this influx. They claim it is now the duty of the Dominion to create sufficient work to absorb the unemployed. To this is added the old-time problem of seasonal occupations which results in large numbers of men flocking into the cities at the same time. These men are not as a rule citizens, and particular cities feel that they should not be called upon to support them.

The form of relief which is most readily available is the starting of Provincial and Dominion operations, such as the construction of buildings, wharves, dredging operations and road building. In the latter connection too much cannot be said. We have not yet fully realized the advantage in a purely monetary sense, of good roads. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics has emphasized the fact that the tourist traffic of this country ranks third in the matter of national importance and with little encouragement should soon rival that of agriculture. We have many places in Canada, famed for scenic and other beauties, which are hardly approach-

able except at considerable cost. If roads were opened up, the country would be readily and profitably developed. It is high time that the Provinces and Dominion should be linked up by one great highway, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It seems to us that the Provinces and the Dominion should at once unite their forces to achieve this desirable object, and also to afford the necessary employment for deserving folk.

After the pressure is removed there can be held a conference, presided over by some responsible body of skilled men who can analyse, dissect and foresee economic conditions and tendencies and who can advance reasonable suggestions for the elimination of many causes that lead to unemployment. This is to be no snap judgment but a considered opinion, and only the best brains should be used.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Frankslake, Sask.

(Q) Could you kindly give me some information regarding the Calmont Oil Stocks and the Company? Is it reliable, and would it be a profitable investment? How many wells do they operate and what is the output daily?

Thanking you kindly. I am a constant reader.—E. F. K.

(A) Calmont Oils Ltd., is one of the most active of the drilling companies in Alberta. It has important acreage in the Turner Valley and extensive leases in other promising areas in Alberta. The company is capitalized with ten million shares of the par value of \$1.00 each, of which approximately 1,800,000 have been issued. There was recent talk of the company declaring a stock dividend for shareholders, the suggestion being that the company might issue three shares of stock as a bonus for every share held by the shareholder.

The company's number two well has come in with heavy gas pressure. It is considered to be the largest flow of gas so far struck in the Turner Valley. There have been various estimates of the production of the well, the estimates varying from 600 to 1200 barrels daily. In any event it is considered to be a very important well. The company is drilling a number of other wells in the district which should be in production very shortly. The company is financed largely with British capital.

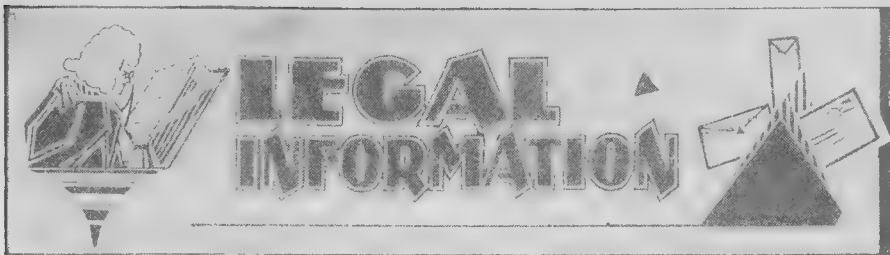
We cannot state that the purchase of the company's shares would be a profitable investment. A company such as this is not in the investment class at all. All oil companies, until they have a proven record of successful operation can only be classed as highly speculative purchases. No one should purchase the shares of such a company unless he is prepared to lose all the purchase price and be pleasantly surprised if eventually it should turn out to be profitable. In any event we would strongly advise against any person purchasing shares of this class unless they have some first class investments as a background before speculating in Alberta oils.

Cloverdale, Man.

(Q) Can you give me any information as to The Bagan Rotary Plow Co., Ltd., 433 Pender St. W., Vancouver? Is it a good investment for \$500.00?

Any information would oblige.—J. P.

(A) At the present time we do not consider The Bagan Rotary Plow Co., Ltd. as a satisfactory investment until the company has a record of satisfactory earnings. The company's security cannot be an investment but only a speculation. In view of the present financial depression throughout the world, and especially the low prices for farm products we think that even the old and long established implement companies will have difficulty in making satisfactory progress. We therefore consider it very unlikely that a small and new company such as the one you refer to can have any attraction at present for the investor.



A RECENT motor car accident in Western Canada which went to trial affords an interesting insight into the liability of individuals who are jointly negligent. An individual was driving home in his motor truck going West on the main highway. He had two pieces of lumber two by two, one piece tied on each side of his truck about six feet above the ground and the ends projecting beyond the truck about three or four feet. There was a recent fall of snow and the highway was covered with it. About half a mile from the town which he had left there was a sharp turn to the south. He was driving his truck at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour and when making the turn the hind wheel and the left front wheel of the truck skidded into the ditch to his left, the front right wheel remaining on the corner of the grade. The truck stuck there. He turned off his lights, got out and began to shovel away the snow in front of his truck. While so occupied another man coming West over the same highway on which the truck had travelled just previously collided with the truck and damaged his car.

The evidence showed that the truck driver saw the other driver approaching before he reached the turn, but he did not turn on his lights until the motor car was about twelve feet away from the turn. The motor car owner sued the truck driver, claiming that because of his negligence in failing to keep his lights on he was unable to see the truck and that this was the cause of the accident. The court, however, held that the motor car owner was guilty of negligence in driving at such a rate, under the slippery condition of the road that he was unable to clear any obstacle that might be on that side of the road. It further held that since he was travelling on the wrong side at night approaching the curb, he should have looked to see if there were any obstacles on that side either stationary or travelling towards him and if too dark to see, that he should have travelled at such a rate that he could have stopped on seeing the truck when he turned the curb.

Answers to Queries

Winnipeg, Man.

(Q) Some twelve months ago I loaned a friend a sum of money to pay solicitors fees and cost of transferring some property he was buying. He got a loan to get the property but not enough to pay expenses. Now if he falls down on his payments or on paying taxes can I claim my loan if I put a lien on the property. Can I put a lien on the property? How should I go about it to get a lien put on the property? Is that a job for a solicitor?

(A) If you desire security for your loan the best way of obtaining it would be to obtain security from the debtor. This could best be done by obtaining a mortgage or similar charge against the land. If the debtor will not give this the only remedy which could affect the title would be to take court proceedings, and obtain judgment for the debtor. A certificate of the judgment could then be registered in the Land Titles Office, which would create a lien on the property. While it might not be necessary for you to retain a solicitor to act for you, we consider it very advisable to do so, because otherwise by some error in judgment you might lose the whole value of the proceedings.

Moose Jaw, Sask.

(Q) If a man and his wife prove up a homestead in the Peace River B.C. can the man sell same without wife's signature Or do they always own them jointly?

If a man leaves his wife and still keeps her, can he make her live in rooms in a strangers house or does he have to provide a decent home for her (in Saskatchewan)?

(A) In British Columbia there is nothing to prevent a man from disposing of his homestead without his wife's consent, unless she is also one of the owners appearing on the title. If they are joint

owners then the husband can only sell his own share in the property. If, however, the wife's name does not appear on the title, an innocent purchaser could obtain title without any reference to the wife.

If the wife is justified in leaving her husband he is required to support her according to his means. He cannot dictate to her where she will live. If the husband's means and income are sufficient then the wife might very well be able to provide a home for herself. If the husband's means are very limited she may have to be satisfied with living in rooms. T. C. M.

Prince Rupert, B.C.

(Q) A man owes me some money. He is engaged with the Canadian National Railways but not working steady on account of depression of business. I have threatened him with court proceedings in order to obtain my money if he does not pay up, but every time I speak to him about the money he owes me he threatens to declare himself bankrupt if I do not give him more time.

What I wish to know is: Can a man who is working for wages legally declare himself bankrupt through court proceedings.

This man owing me money owns the furniture of the house, his income is uncertain, and he has a large family to support. P. O. B.

(A) Any insolvent debtor whose liabilities to creditors provable as debts, under the Bankruptcy Act, exceed five hundred dollars may make an assignment of all his property for the benefit of his creditors. Further proceedings against the debtor are automatically stopped. Sometimes leave is given in certain cases to continue proceedings but this would not apply in your case.

In your case, apparently something might be collected by garnishing the debtor's wages. You do not state the amount of the account. If it is comparatively small it might be paid out of a single garnishing order. The debtor is entitled to very substantial exemptions for personal property and furniture, so that we doubt that anything could be realized from any other source than the debtors' wages. You had better consult a solicitor in this matter.

Humboldt, Sask.

(Q) The Algoma Central and Hudson Bay and Canadian Pacific Railways have the mineral rights in certain townships in Algoma. Where would I direct an enquiry to these different Railways, I mean their head offices in regards to prospecting on their lands. W. M.

(A) We would suggest that you inquire from the Department of Natural Resources, Canadian Pacific Railway, at Calgary Alta.

Strathcona, Alta.

(Q) I am interested in reading your page in the Western Home Monthly and would very much appreciate information and advice on the following:

What procedure would be taken in the event of my death without having made a will, respecting my home? When my husband went overseas he transferred the house and two city lots (one parcel) to me, and it is still in my name, beside my husband, I have three boys, ages seven, fourteen, and eight years.

I would like to know the Canadian Law governing this. Enquirer

(A) If you die without making a will then someone would have to apply to administer your estate. The court would appoint your husband administrator, if he still survives you. Otherwise one of your children, if of age, or a trust company might be appointed. The administrator's duty is to administer the estate. This means that the administrator is to obtain possession of your estate and realize thereon in order to pay any debts you may leave. After payment of the debts any surplus is divided amongst your heirs-at-law. Under the law of Alberta one-third

[Continued on page 34]

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All grocers have Baker's Cocoa. Buy a tin today. Use the recipe given here. Treat the family to the world's best cocoa.

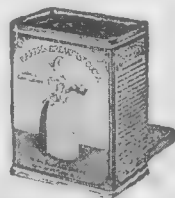
Try this New Recipe

Developed by domestic science experts—tested by cooking schools and universities:—

For each cup allow 1 heaping teaspoonful Baker's Cocoa, 1 level dessertspoonful sugar, ¼ cup water, ¼ cup milk, few grains salt. Measure cocoa and water into saucepan. Stir over direct heat until mixture is smooth. Boil about two minutes and add the salt, sugar and milk. Heat until foamy, beat well and serve. Vanilla may be added just before serving—or whipped cream or marshmallow.

Note: Cut out this recipe. It is new and does not yet appear on the Baker label.

BAKER'S



COCOA

C5-30M

Legal Information

Continued from page 33

of your property would go to your husband, if he survives you, and the balance amongst your children. If your husband or any of your children should pre-decease you their share will be distributed amongst their heirs-in-law.

The administration of an estate where no will was left by the deceased is more expensive than the administration of an estate where an executor has been appointed by will. In addition you may have wished to make some disposition by will of your property different to that which the law would make in case you did not leave a will. We advise everyone to make a will, as it simplifies the administration of the estate after death. It is advisable to have a will prepared by a lawyer as the interpretation of its terms is very technical.

Port Arthur, Ont.

(Q) I have a friend whose husband was killed in a paper mill this month by falling through a space in the machine room floor to the floor below and broke his neck. She is entitled to the Workmen's Compensation, but what they allow her does not cover what was necessary to spend for funeral expenses.

Is she in a position to expect anything from the Company to help to clear those debts. Also she has been told by the Company Officials that she cannot sue them owing to the Workmen's Compensation Act. She has not accepted the Compensation yet so I would be very pleased if you could tell me is it possible for her to sue them. Also I would just like to say I understand the place where her husband met his death has been protected since with an iron bar.

H. W.

(A) The Workmen's Compensation Act of Ontario deprives a workman of any right of action against his employer. The Workmen's Compensation Board fixes what allowance is coming to the family of a deceased worker, and they have a regular schedule for calculating such a sum. If the widow is obtaining compensation she has no further right against the company.

Khedive, Sask.

(Q) A bought a quarter of land from a Loan Company, paying a certain sum down and agreeing to pay a certain amount each fall until paid. A in turn sold the land to B under the same agreement and B. has kept to his agreement, but finds out that A has not paid all the money to the Loan Company, but has kept part of it. Who has to pay this? Can the company claim this amount from B before transferring Title to land? Could B make balance of payments to company and obtain Title direct from them without it being transferred from them to A and then to B?

Where could B find out if there were any claims against the land for A's debts?

R. E. G.

(A) A is primarily liable to pay the balance of the purchase price due the loan company. If, however, A is not making the payments B should protect himself by making the payments which A should make. We presume that there is no actual contract between B and the company so that the company cannot claim any money directly from B, but they can refuse to transfer the title to B until he obtains formal authority from A for the company to give the title to B. B cannot force the company to give him the title, before the contract with A has been paid in full. B has no right to ask the company to give him title unless the company has approved of their agreements. We do not know exactly what documents of title B possesses. In the absence of something equivalent to an assignment of A's interest, the company would be justified in making the transfer directly to B.

B could ascertain from the Land Titles Office whether there were any claims against A's title which might affect B's claim. B should file a caveat to protect his interest. If B is sufficiently interested to be paying money in the purchase of land he should not take any chances on the title being satisfactory. The cost of obtaining a solicitor's assistance in protecting B's title is purely nominal compared with the purchase price which B would have to pay. We would suggest that B consult a solicitor immediately.

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The Stronger Bond

Continued from Page 17

"De old Leafs is comin' good, eh? Goin' in de series, sure!"

Weakly he motioned toward the radio beside his cot. "De goil had it put in, Mat—she's white, I'll say dat for her—an' I been follerin' de games de old Leafs play on de road. Cheez—it's great to lay here an' imagine I kin see you'se smackin' 'em across, Mat!"

His eyes closed. Donovan turned anxiously to the nurse. She shook her head. "Just tired," she whispered reassuringly.

Suddenly Donovan felt his hand seized. He bent over. "Listen, Mat," muttered Steamer, fiercely, "it's in de bag! Lemme tell you'se a secret. Me an' de kid brudder saved up our dimes—we got twenty bucks in de sock before I got hit—an' we shot de woiks dat de Leafs go in de series, see? Cheez, wid you'se pitchin', Mat, dey can't lose!"

Hero worship shone in the boy's eyes. A crooked grin split the straight line of Donovan's mouth as he noted that—that and the pathetic bravery of the little lad, lying there, suffering, championing his hero and the Leafs and not one whimper at the terrible blow Fate had dealt him through a Juggernauting motor truck.

The nurse beckoned. Donovan gripped the little hand again before stumbling from the ward, almost overcome with emotion.

THE rampant Lions, after undergoing a severe siege of tail-twisting, were turned at bay. The Leafs, encouraged to super-human efforts by the imploring cheers of big home crowds, took the first two games.

The final game meant the flag to whichever team won it—and big Donovan was to hurl for the Leafs.

On the evening preceding this final game, Mat Donovan and Mavis Harris were seated on a hill-top at a favorite spot overlooking the Bay.

"Think you'll win tomorrow, Mat?" queried the girl.

"Hope so—why?"

"Oh—I—I wondered...." stammered the girl.

He gazed at her, puzzled by some unusual tone in her voice. She colored, turning her head aside.

"You wondered—what?" he prompted.

"Mat, would.... could you.... I—I mean...." Again Mavis colored, and turning away, stared out over the water.

Then, as though dismissing something from her mind, she exclaimed, "Isn't it a lovely view—and a lovely evening? I do hope we get a fine day for the game! Let's go now, shall we, Mat?"

Puzzled, the big pitcher strode beside her without a further word. What could she be wanting to say, and yet not wanting to say it? It was beyond him. With a shrug of his wide shoulders, he dismissed the incident from his thoughts.

"Let's go see Steamer's mother before taking you home," he suggested, and Mavis joyfully assented.

They found the invalid mother cheerful, and, to all appearances, happy. She was delighted to see them.

Donovan laid a bunch of flowers on the table. "From Steamer; he's doing fine, ma'am," he blurted.

Then a pocket-edition of Steamer burst excitedly into the room. He started back, abashed, as he saw the visitors.

"Golly, I didn' know dere was comp'ny, mudder!" he shrieked. His eyes popped as he saw Donovan. "S-a-y, it's de swell feller; de pitcher!" he breathed.

Donovan glanced around the tiny room. Poverty was everywhere apparent—that and pathetic evidences of youthful attempts to brighten up the sick-room of the mother.

Mavis turned cherrily to the youngster. "So you're the bread-winner of the family, now?" she smiled.

"Chess! Me, I'm oinin' de dough for de eats, an' mudder's med'cin, too!" he grinned proudly.

As Donovan and Mavis were leaving, the pitcher called the boy aside. A bill changed hands, unseen by the little woman in the bed.

No sooner had the door closed behind the couple when they heard a delighted yell. Through the open window a youthful, excited voice came. "Golly, mudder—didn' we tell you'se? He's a prince!"

[Continued on page 38]

East is East
West is West
Never the twain shall meet"
Wrote Kipling.
But not true
Today
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Quebec hills,
Banff mountains,
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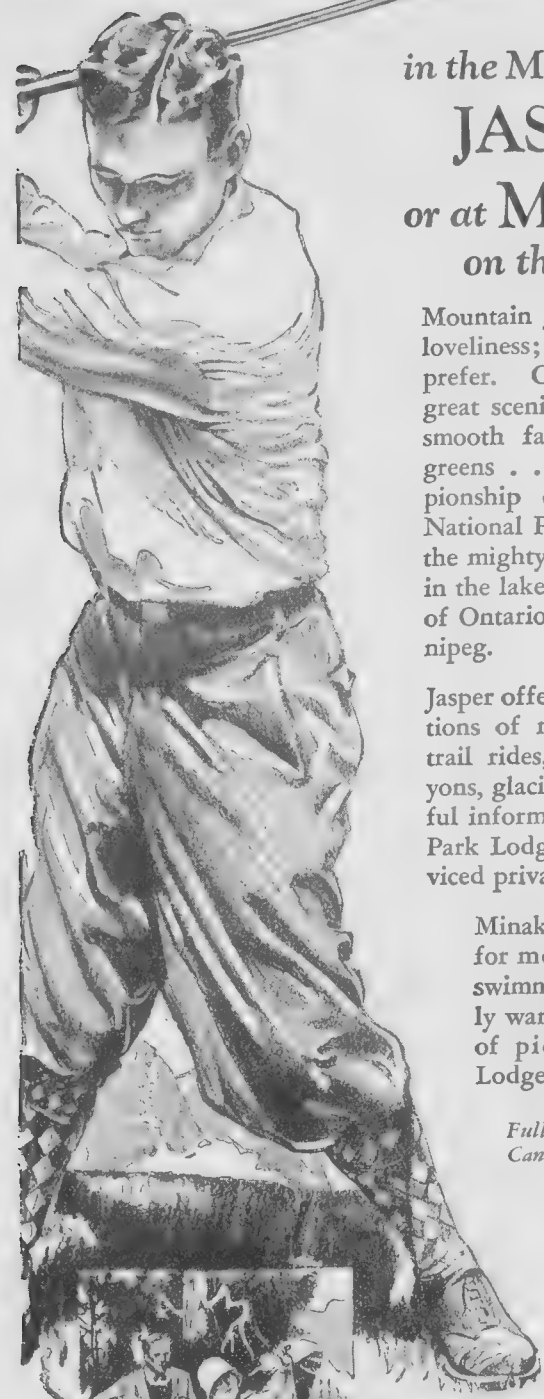
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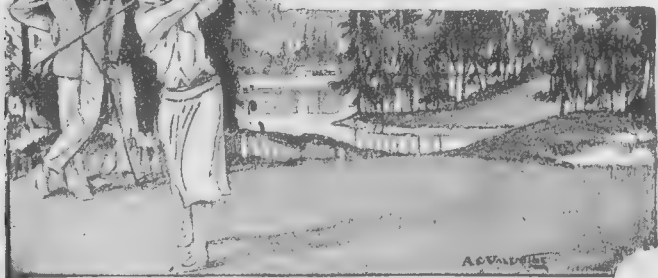
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Fearlessness

Continued from page 36

no harm would befall them, and friendly in turn, with friendly man.

As a child, I lived for a time in South Africa, and there my playmates, European children, used to play with creatures malevolent to their elders, but harmless to children. After all, the worst-tempered dog will rarely attack a child, but rather allows the most painful liberties to little fingers. On the other hand, a normally good-tempered horse or dog will sometimes bite an individual who shows fear of him. If you betray fear before an animal, and run away, it will pursue you. The same applies to primitive peoples, and peoples civilized but roused to the primitive by riot or revolution.

I remember one Christmas in Cairo, when high feeling against the British was finding expression in murders and attacks, alleged even upon European women. Europeans were warned to keep off the streets, especially in the "native" quarters. But I walked about as usual in those days, often past groups of idling malcontents, without molestation, although I was conscious of the eyes that followed me. Nervousness might have incited the hunting or even killing instinct, while indifference was not provocative.

Fear of Death is the greatest curse of mankind. But fear of Life can make of Death, even, a welcome alternative. When man once realizes that Death is as natural as birth, the terrors of the Unknown will largely disappear. But the modern Christian religion, as it is practised today, seeks to mold less by promised reward than by punishment hereafter.

IN THE older civilizations, the Church has played an overwhelming rôle with all its teachings of Hell, picturing Death to the masses as God's supreme revenge—upon whom?—the humble creature of His own creation. Preposterous idea. The most backward countries today are the Church-ridden countries, where priestly power frustrates progress and secular education. The newer civilizations definitely separate Church and State, very properly rendering unto the Church that which is the right of the Church, but removing from the individual the Church's heavy hand of fear and inhibition.

Christ is the greatest example of fearlessness the world has ever known. He was fearless in Life and fearless in Death. He died for Man to prove to fearful humanity that there is no such thing as Death, and that existence on this earth is but a preparation for Life to come.

The Western world has a greater complex of fears than the Orient. That the East is spiritually stronger than the West is no doubt in great part due to this mental outlook. The so-called fatalism of the East, is less resignation than belief that developments from hour to hour, from day to day are in natural sequence to the preceding causes.

Islam proclaims that Death in battle is the surest pass to Paradise, and holds human life as naught. Buddhism teaches that the world counts only as a cycle in evolution towards perfection and everlasting peace. In China, with its 500,000,000 population, life is less than nothing, and death too often a welcome release. In the East, Death has no sting. Fear of Death is artificial and acquired.

The first question that I am always asked about my various flying and traveling adventures is: "Are you not afraid?" I am not afraid. I have never experienced fear of the Unknown. In fact an instinct for exploring the Unknown has dominated my life and actions, not always without cost to myself. I find life a glorious adventure, and Death a train, ship or aircraft to the Greatest Unknown.

PRIDE

*I lift it up—
A velvet, queenly robe,
And gently swathe it
Round my quivering form;
And speak no word,
And yield no sign,
That you should learn
The hurt that's mine.*

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Dull, lifeless, brown hair glows with alluring tints after a shampoo with Evan Williams "Graduated".

Six distinct shampoos for every shade of hair, at your druggist.

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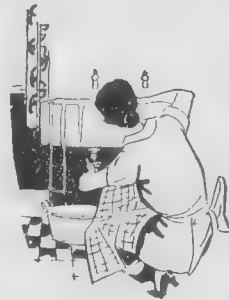
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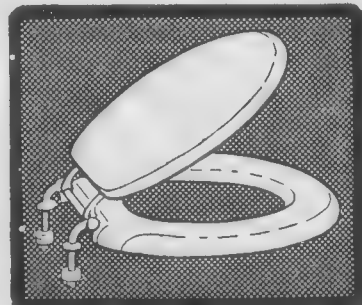


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Cutting your corns may lead to blood-poisoning. Harsh liquids and plasters often cause sore toes. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are absolutely safe, sure. Small, thin, dainty, protective.

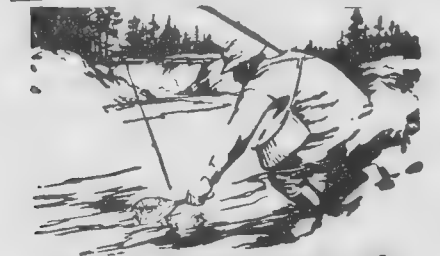
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It's delicious flavor adds zest and enjoyment. The sugar supplies pep and energy when the day seems long.

In short it's good and good for you.



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Shadowland

Continued from page 18

girl, is clever and very pleasing to the eye. George Barbier is excellent in a character role. In fact, the whole picture is most attractive.

"So This is London"

"SO This is London," by George M. Cohan, was such a hit of the legitimate stage that it is hardly necessary to repeat the theme of the play. Just in case you have forgotten, however, I shall remind you that the story deals with a rich American, his wife and son. The man has an ungovernable prejudice against anything foreign, particularly anything that is English. Business forces him to go abroad, and on the ship his son meets an English girl and falls in love with her. The girl's family has an overwhelming prejudice against Americans, so the young couple meet nothing but opposition to their match. Finally the two families are brought together, and after several amusing scenes the Englishman and American become great friends. The picture ends with the strains of "God Save the King" coming in over the radio, while the two papas amicably sing the English and the American words to the tune.

The character of Hiram Draper, the American, seems to be made for Will Rogers, and his performance is as lively and as packed with wholesome humor as ever. Lumsden Hare as the Englishman gives an excellent performance, and Irene Rich is very good playing opposite Rogers as his wife.

"Caught Short"

IF you were one of the great army of those who took a little flyer in the market last year, you will have a personal interest in this comedy. If you were wise and stayed away from beasts like Bulls and Bears, you will still enjoy this mirthful comedy of two women's adventures with the stock market. Marie Dressler and Polly Moran are the stars, and they are indeed a merry team.

"Young Man of Manhattan"

THIS movie, adapted from Katherine Brush's very readable novel of the same name, makes very acceptable entertainment. The story is woven out of the adventures of sporting writers, gossip columnists, scoops, assignments, and other such things that are so intimately connected with newspaper offices, not to mention baseball games and prize fights and an engaging love story.

Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster as the heroine and hero, Anne and Tony, can act as well as look pleasing. And, girls, their love scenes will make you sick with envy. (By the way, Miss Colbert and Mr. Foster are married in real life!) Charles Ruggles makes the character of Shorty even more humorous and lovable than he was in the book, and Ginger Rogers as Puff, the too-sophisticated flapper, does a good job of her role.

Films reviewed in recent issues:
"Anna Christie"—Greta Garbo makes a hit in her first talking picture, a cinema version of Eugene O'Neill's play. Interesting for adults.

"Mammy"—Al Jolson, of course. Not much of a story but good Jolson singing.

"The Green Goddess"—George Arliss acts splendidly in this melodrama, which was one of his great stage successes.

"Sarah and Son"—Ruth Chatterton and excellent acting.

"Journey's End"—Be sure to see this. It is a very fine and faithful adaptation of the great stage play.

"All Quiet on the Western Front"—The cinema version of Remarque's novel. Very well done.

"Lummox"—Fanny Hurst's story of a household drudge.

"The Man from Blankley's"—John Barrymore back again in light comedy Hurrah!

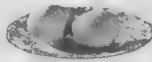
"Redemption"—John Gilbert rolls those limpid brown orbs of his, but the story has forgotten that it ever originated with Tolstoi.

"Under a Texas Moon"—Songs and scenery and a lot of humor.

Jerome Carver

Do These Three Important Things to have strong, healthy teeth

1 Follow the diet below



From one to three eggs, depending on age of the individual.

Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.



Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.



1/2 lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.



One quart of milk every day.

Eat the proper food; use Pepsodent twice daily; see your dentist twice a year. That is the ultimate as modern science sees it.

A PROMINENT professor of a large university finds that the natural resistance to decay and gum disorders can be greatly built up by the proper diet. The most common ages of tooth decay are during the period of growth. Here is the diet he recommends for you and your family, depending upon age for the quantity.

Every day one quart of milk; eggs; head lettuce, cabbage or celery; lemon juice mixed with orange juice, and as much raw or fresh vegetables as you like.

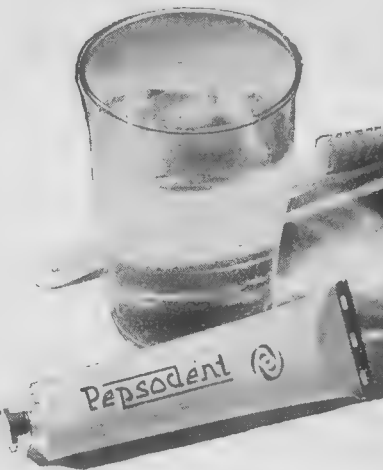
And use Pepsodent

Every day, too, you must remove from your teeth a cloudy film that coats them. Film is that slippery coating you can feel with your tongue. It sticks like glue and ordinary brushing fails to remove it effectively. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It turns teeth dull and dingy.

Your dentist will tell you that when Pepsodent removes film from teeth it plays an important part in the prevention of decay and other troubles.

Eat the proper food. Use Pepsodent twice daily. See your dentist twice yearly. That is the surest way to lovely, healthy teeth.

2 Use Pepsodent twice a day



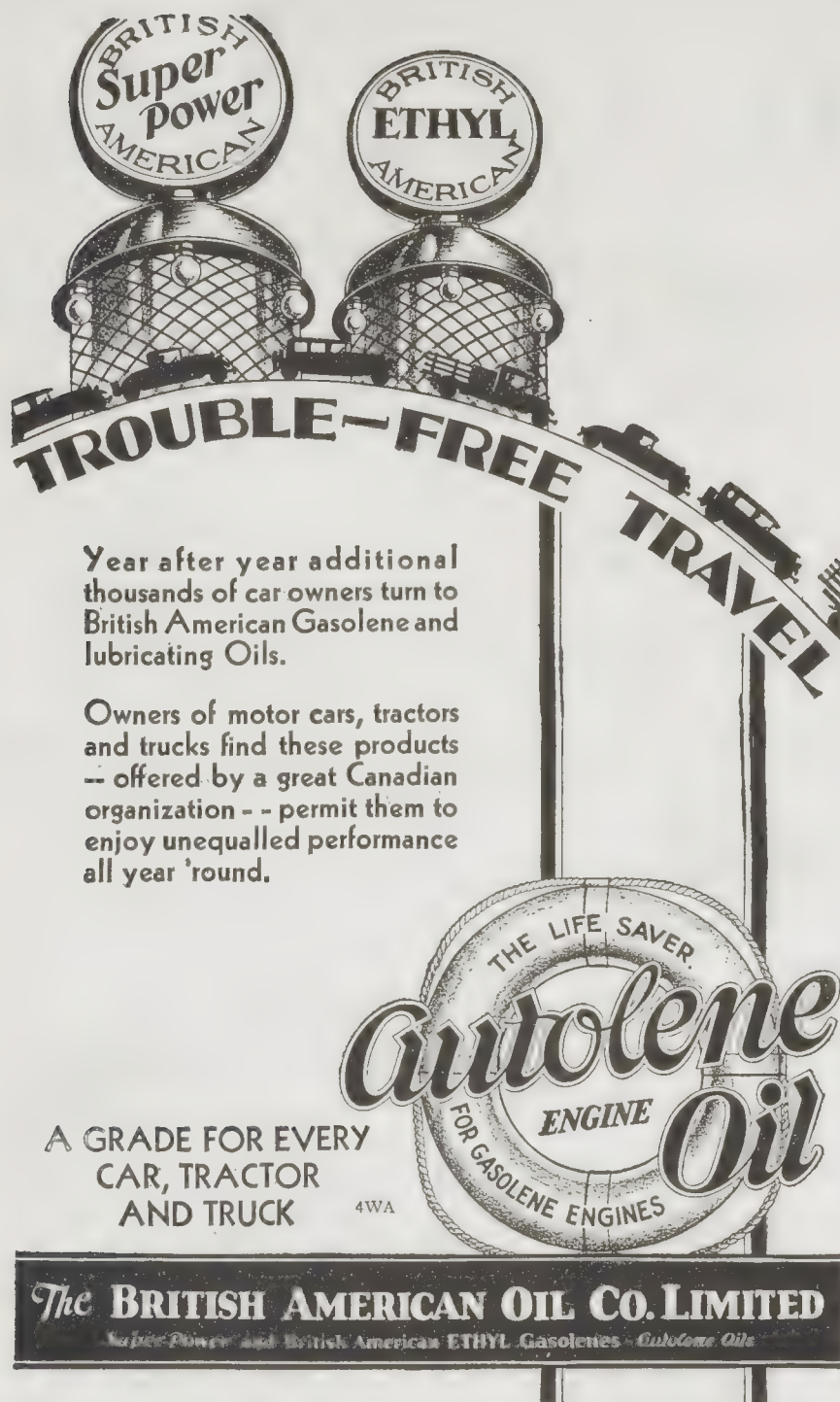
3 See your dentist twice a year



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Super Power and British American ETHYL Gasolene - Autolene Oils



Who's afraid of SUNBURN?

HERE'S a girl who knows the best trick of all. Before she goes swimming she covers her tender skin with Mentholatum. Then she takes the sun gradually and gets a nice tan instead of a red-hot, scorching sunburn. Try it yourself!

protect your skin with



TUBES and JARS 30¢
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The Stronger Bond

Continued from page 35

And Donovan felt an impulsive pressure of Mavis' fingers about his arm.

Donovan lingered at the door of Mavis' home. He would welcome an invitation to stay awhile—it had occurred to him that this would be a good time to speak to her father about a matter close to their hearts.

Singularly, Mavis did not appear anxious to extend the invitation. He was puzzled again. But his usual twisted grin broke out as he fancied he had guessed the reason.

"I'd better be turnin' in," he grinned, "tomorrow comes pretty soon!"

But the pitcher had not walked more than a block when he heard a man's voice behind him, calling:

"Say! Jist a minute, Mat!"

Donovan, swung around, startled at the call. A tall, burly man caught up with him, and Donovan started as he saw it was Mavis' father.

"Evenin', Mr. Harris," the pitcher muttered. "It's funny, but I was wantin' a chance to speak to you—about Mavis . . ."

"Yeah?" growled Harris. "What about her, hey?"

"Well,—she and me—you see, we—well, we sort of figured on getting married. You don't object, do you?"

"Me? Naw, 'course not, son! 'Tis funny—I was wantin' to see you t'night about this, too! Now, see here, Mat—you can marry Mavis—on *jist one condition!*" A leering grin contorted Harris' face.

Donovan was uneasy. "One condition?" he stammered. "Why, what . . ."

"Listen, Mat! You kin have my girl—if the Leafs don't win tomorrer, see?"

The pitcher was thunderstruck. He gasped as he realized the full extent of the man's words. Hot blood flushed his cheeks. Involuntarily he took a step toward the other.

Harris held his ground and grinned evilly. "I mean jist that, Mister!" he chuckled. "And dead earnest! If the Leafs cop, me an' my gang makes a killin'. Now, we're willin' to slip you a good slice—an' on top o' that, you git the girl!" He stepped closer to Donovan. In a purring voice, thick with menace however, he said, "If you pitch to win tomorrer, you don't wanna lemme ketch you around my girl again—ever—see?"

"Don't be a fool, Mat!" Harris conciliatory tone as the big fellow stared blankly. "Be sensible, like the girl . . ."

Donovan stiffened. "Like . . ." he muttered, incredulously. "You mean Mavis knows of this?"

"Sure, she does—an' she's no fool!" Harris chuckled.

A grin of disbelief twisted the pitcher's set face. He started to turn and walk away. Then he stopped at a thought—the girl's strange manner, earlier in the evening—her evident desire to speak of something. It was unbelievable that a girl like Mavis should . . . But it seemed all to fit in!

"Wake up, Mat!" urged Harris. "What's it to you if the Leafs win or lose? You're sure of a contract next year, ain't you? An' we're offerin' you a slice biggern'n you'll get out of any Series' money. Enough to start housekeepin' right! Snap out of it, man!"

A shudder shook Donovan, but he drew himself erect. "I'll think it over," he said dully, then he strode rapidly away.

All the bitterness of the past, magnified ten-fold, descended upon Donovan. So Mavis was the same sort as May—a girl who placed money above honor, pride, love, everything . . . Mavis, the girl he loved, wanted him to turn traitor so that her father—and no doubt herself—would profit by his dishonesty. Well, women were all alike. He was through with them.

THE stands and bleachers were packed with deliriously hopeful humanity. Inning after inning, the final game went on, with the Leafs hanging doggedly to a one-run lead.

Donovan's name was on every tongue. Out there on the hill, beneath the benign rays of a seemingly approving sun, the big twirler was holding the slugging Lions in a merciless grip.

That huge Toronto crowd, howling encouragement to its idol, knew naught of that other battle that Donovan was

waging. For, beating on his brain like a trip-hammer, the voice of the tempter persisted.

The battle between conscience and desire had narrowed down. Was Mavis a party to the attempted bribe, or not? Once settle that, and his course was clear. But how settle it? How else account for her strange manner last night? She must know—and approve! Well, if all the world was crooked, if dishonesty was the order of the day, he could be as crooked as any of 'em!

Mechanically he finished out that seventh inning, then strode toward the dug-out. On the way his step lightened. Decision had come!

What, after all, was one ball game? What mattered it to him if the Leafs or Lions won? His place was secure—his season's record assured him of an even better contract with the Leafs, whether they won the flag or not.

Mavis—she must know! These must be her terms. Well, he would accept her on those terms. He would pay any price to win her. It was all so astonishingly simple now! Give her up—just for one measly ball game? A crooked grin split his care-lined face.

It would be easy. In a game such as this one, he needed but to bide his time. The chance would come—just a little slip—not the slightest possibility of detection.

A roar announced a further call to action as the third Leaf swung wildly. With springy step, Donovan strode to the mound.

Momentarily the pitcher gazed toward the bleachers; toward a well-remembered spot; perhaps she . . . A bit of color seemed to detach itself from the sea of humanity there; it resolved itself into a familiar sunshade. Donovan fancied he saw the smiling face of the girl beneath it; she seemed to be waving, to be encouraging him to do what she expected of him.

Involuntarily he waved back. Give Mavis up? One measly ball game? He grinned again at the thought of his ever having considered doing that.

"Play ball!" boomed the umpire. Donovan started, and gripped the ball tightly. Then, just in the act of swinging and whipping across a smoking strike, his glance once again swept the stands.

The ball, tossed back to him by his grinning catcher, struck his cheek smartly as he fumblingly endeavored, too late, to grasp it.

That small, box-like structure there in the stands! He had forgotten—the radio announcer and his microphone!

The "mike!" Broadcasting the game! Why—Steamer would be listening in! Steamer—rooting for him with all the strength left in his battered little frame—rooting for him, a crook! Those little kids—their money—wagered on their faith in him!

"Play ball!" again came a surly growl. "Say, what's-a-matter, feller? They's a ball game on. Shoot it!"

Donovan shot it—and because of the agony in his soul he failed to "put any stuff on it." A bat met the ball with a sharp "crack!" A two-bagger! The Lions' first safe hit of the game. But Donovan was *not* going to lose that game—not if he could help it . . . he'd ruin that good arm of his before he'd let the Lions score on that hit.

The crowd sensed impending drama. Donovan weakening. The quick, guarded message of the Leafs' manager that sent a runner to the bull-pen did not escape them. A relief pitcher ordered up! The crowd howled its displeasure at the idea of the idol being yanked from the box.

Donovan tightened. Two raging Lions went raging futilely back to their dug-out, strike-out victims. Then a roar—a wild, blinding of the blood-lust of the pack—and frantic, imploring appeal—accompanied the journey to the plate of the Lions' great slugger.

And Donovan knew that the time had arrived. He would have to strike this man out—he was not the sort of batter who pops up and flies out—if ever he connected with a ball, it usually went for at least two bases. A batter with a real batter's eye, and an enviable record for home runs . . . Still, it would be so easy to lob one over— [Continued on page 46]

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"See Canada First on these
All Canadian Tires"



Doubly fortified against wear

After building a tire with Gum Cushions . . . the greatest inner safeguard a cord tire ever had, we added the further protection of our new tough "Resisto" tread. This new tread gives 47½% more wear resistance to the tire, a fact proven by actual scientific test . . . a test equal in severity to thousands of miles of road service . . . We claim for the "GP" Gum Cushioned Tire that it will outwear any other tire sold at an equal price in Canada.

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cb



By Gertrude Dutton

Porch Meals

NOT a few are the advantages to be derived from serving as many meals as possible, out of doors, whenever possible. On many days through the summer and fall it is easily possible to have three meals a day out on the porch, if one is fortunate enough to have one, especially if it is screened or glassed in. Or there may be a sheltered level spot on the lawn, or in the garden. Simplicity of service will make the work entailed by cooking and dish washing much lighter. Some plan must be devised for ease of service. A tea cart is invaluable, if one has it, and if there are no awkward steps to be overcome. Every household should have a number of light, inexpensive trays. The children will enjoy helping. A table and seats of some kind are essential. There are to be had now, many kinds of finishes which will stand exposure to all sorts of weather. On the table may be gay cloths or runners or doyleys, of linen, cotton, or oilcloth, or even of paper, although the latter is rather too perishable to be really satisfactory. White or colored napkins and doyleys may be very quickly made by hemming with a blanket stitch, or crocheting into the material with a plain stitch with picots at regular intervals. So many of the new colored materials are fast dye, so that they will stand repeated washings, and the colors are beautiful enough to put the whole family in a good humor for the entire day. Many and varied are the kinds of oilcloth to be had now, too, either in regular table cloths or by the yard. Especially pretty are the pieces in a dainty solid color, which comes in the 45-inch width, at about 40 cents a yard, and is to

be had in pale blue, green, lavender, rose, etc. A pinked edge is most satisfactory. Some of the colored cotton fabrics such as sheeting broadcloth and and Indian-head, are very good.

The table should be gay with flowers, but care is needed in the selection of containers for them. It is exceedingly annoying to have a tall slender vase blown over by a sudden breeze, and a clean cloth spoiled with the water. A flat bowl with a supply of some such heavy substance as sand or shot, will stand considerable wind. It is a good plan to have a supply of cheap gay dishes to use for out-door meals, to save one's better ones, for willing little helpers cannot avoid accidents, always. And variety in dishes does help poor appetites, especially in hot weather. We enjoy our plain green porch dishes, on very hot days.



There is no more delightful form of summer entertaining than the serving of refreshments out of doors.

The modern gay colored glassware is very delightful.

Although it is no more trouble to serve a complete dinner on a verandah with easy access to the kitchen, than it is to carry the food and dishes into the dining room, generally speaking, it is advisable to simplify the meals considerable. One-dish meals served from a casserole, or in individual ramekins, are always good. The hot food will more readily remain hot in the larger amount in a covered dish than if transferred to a number of platters, vegetable dishes, etc. If there is not a suitable table outdoors, an excellent investment is a supply of oblong heavy tin trays, about 9 by 15 inches, which cost about 20 or 25 cents each. They are large enough to hold a plate, cup and glass, the necessary silver and perhaps a dish of dessert, and if the meal is of such a nature that a knife and fork are not both needed at once, can readily be managed on one's lap. The trays may be filled in the kitchen, then each person can carry his own outdoors and sit down with it. The three-deck muffin stands or "tea curates" are very useful for holding plates of cookies, cake, bread, biscuits, rolls, etc.

When a house is wired for electricity, there should by all means be an outlet for some table fixture such as a toaster, coffee percolator, waffle iron, grill, etc. Many times, one hot dish is all that is required and might [Continued on page 42]



Many and varied are the desserts of such a nature that they will not require much, if any, last minute attention, nor elaborate serving.



❖ ❖ ❖

KEEN'S MUSTARD plays a very important part in the summer diet—for most homes have accepted the advice of physicians and dietetic experts, and make it a rule to eat salad at least once every day.

With such valuable salad ingredients as Keen's Mustard and lettuce, tomatoes, shallots, radishes, water cress, beets, beans, peas, celery, spearmint, chives, cucumbers, peppers, thyme, endives and artichokes, the clever housewife can serve a great variety of salad with an equal variety of flavours. Keen's Mustard helps to lend delightful variety to salads, for every dressing, whether French, Russian, Mayonnaise, Thousand Island, Cream or Boiled—needs the racy, appetizing flavour that this true English mustard gives.

❖ ❖ ❖

KEEN'S MUSTARD

Aids Digestion

COLMAN-KEEN (CANADA) LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO VANCOUVER



Finds Youth's Fountain!

One Happy Woman Tells Where She Discovered It

"JUST one thing has contributed more than anything else in my life toward making me the radiantly happy woman I am today," writes Mrs. Walter Ruehl, of Glenbrook, Conn. "If this was selling at ten dollars a bottle instead of the few cents it costs, I know one person who would scrape the money together, if she had to go without shoes, and I don't mean maybe!"

"I guess a good many others feel the same way, judging by the number of people I know who swear by this 'Fountain of Youth.'"

That's the way Mrs. Ruehl feels about Nujol, the simple, normal natural way to keep healthy—and therefore happy.

Millions of people all over the world have discovered this simple secret, which is nothing but giving our bodies the internal lubrication that they need, as much as any machine. After you have taken Nujol for a few days, and have proved to yourself how it brightens your whole life, you will wonder how so simple a treatment can make such a great change in your health and your happiness. The reason is this:

Regularly as clock work, Nujol clears out of our bodies those poisons (we all have them)



which slow us up, make us headachy, low in our minds.

Colorless and tasteless as pure water, Nujol cannot hurt you, no matter how long you take it. It is not a medicine. It contains no drugs. It forms no habit. It is non-fattening.

Why don't you find out if Nujol will make you feel better and brighter and happier? It works that way with millions of other people. Very likely it will with you! Get a bottle in its sealed package at any drug store and be sure it's trademarked "Nujol." It costs but a few cents—and it makes you feel like a million dollars! Start taking Nujol this very night!



perfectly well be prepared at the table as needed, thus saving many steps.

There is no more delightful form of summer entertaining than the serving of refreshments, however simple, than out of doors. It may be merely cookies and a cup of good tea, or a cooling fruit drink in frosty glasses, or is equally appropriate when we wish to honor some guest with our very best efforts.

Desserts are of such a nature that they will not require much if any last-minute attention, nor elaborate serving. Frequently they are prepared some time in advance and put in a cold place till wanted. Fortunate indeed is the household with an electric refrigerator, where some delicious frozen dessert prepares itself in a tray, ready when wanted. Fresh fruits should be used very frequently.

We must not lose sight of the fact that the children must have building foods in the hottest weather, even though appetites are not good. They must have just as much milk, but on a very hot day they will perhaps not care so much for it as a drink, so we must find other forms in which to give it. Perhaps the easiest way is in desserts. Cheese and eggs and milk will be quite satisfactory for the main part of many meals.

Bread and butter are so much more attractive if made into sandwiches or even spread as thin slices of bread-and-butter. Salads and the fresh vegetables served hot will occupy important places on the menu. Of course, the iced drinks are wanted at all times. Even for a "party" nothing is more important, whatever else is served.

Sausages with Rice

Make a batter of the consistency of pancakes of:

Rice, boiled, 1 c. Shortening, 1 t.
Flour, 1 c. Salt, 1½ t.
Baking powder, 2 t. Milk, about 1-1½ c.
Sugar, 1 t.

Cook like pancakes on a hot greased griddle, lay on each a hot sausage, either freshly cooked or a heated canned one, roll and fasten with a tooth pick, and serve hot.

Eggs in Aspic—I

Poach the desired number of eggs carefully in water, to which salt and a little lemon juice or vinegar has been added, taking care to have them a good shape. If one does not have English muffin rings, sealer rings may be placed in the pan, and an egg carefully slipped into each. Cook till firm. Chill. Have ready a jelly made by using either soup stock, or an aspic foundation made of boiling water and some form of beef extract, either liquid or in cubes. Season, and to 2 cups of the liquid add 1 tb. of gelatin dissolved in 2 tb. of cold water. Put an egg in each of several individual molds (turning the eggs upside down), and pour the cold slightly-thickening jelly over them. Any garnish may be used, such as a few green peas, if they are at hand, unmold to serve. Or place the eggs, right side up, in a shallow dish, pour the jelly over them and serve from the dish.

II

Use hard boiled eggs instead of poached. Shell them and arrange at regular intervals in a ring mold. Fill the mold with the thickening aspic jelly, and serve by turning out on a large round plate with a bed of lettuce or cress. The centre may be filled with a potato or vegetable salad.

Surprise Nests

Mashed potatoes, 2 c. Eggs
Slices of bacon Salt and paprika.
Form the seasoned mashed potato into balls, then flatten a little and hollow out the centre enough to hold an egg broken into it. Around the outside wrap a long slice of bacon and fasten with a tooth pick. Shortly before the meal is ready slip an egg into each nest, sprinkle with salt and paprika, and put into the oven long enough to cook the egg and the bacon. The potato will heat in that time. Two cups of potato will make 5 or 6 nests. Serve hot, garnished with parsley or cress or cooked green peas. [Con't. on page 43]



PURITY STRENGTH
Gold Standard
PURE MALT VINEGAR

Vinegar is found in various forms, but "Gold Standard"—the wholesome product of Barley Malt—is unexcelled for its Purity and Strength.



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WINNIPEG MANITOBA

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Here's the sure, quick, easy way to kill all mosquitoes indoors and keep 'em away outdoors!



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Flit is sold only in this yellow can with the black band.

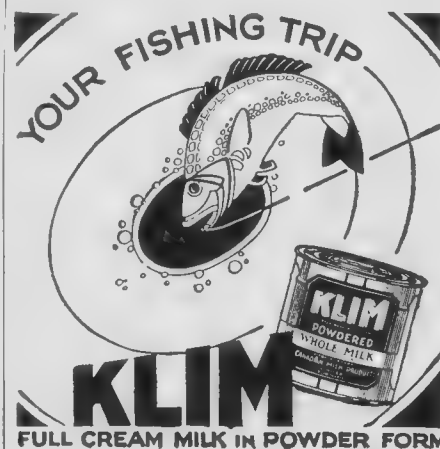


because its stainless vapor KILLS QUICKER

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Send 20¢ in silver or stamps for our UP-O-DATE FALL AND WINTER 1930-1931 BOOK OF FASHIONS, showing color plates, and containing 500 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a CONCISE AND COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESSMAKING, ALSO SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE (Illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Manitoba



QUICK ICING with Mapleine

Mix a half teaspoon butter with 2 tablespoons hot milk; add ¼ teaspoon Mapleine and 1½ cups powdered sugar gradually through sifter until icing is a good consistency to spread on cake. That's all there is to it and you can obtain Mapleine at your grocer's. A little folder with every bottle gives you 16 recipes for the use of Mapleine as a flavoring, syrup maker and meat savor. A larger book (200 recipes) free on request. Crescent Mfg. Co., Dept. 57, 287 Stanley St., Winnipeg, or 51 Wellington St., W., Toronto.

MAPLEINE
Syrup Maker • Flavoring • Meat Savor

WHAT ABOUT THAT SUBSCRIPTION TO The Western Home Monthly? WATCH IT DOES NOT LAPSE



Shirred Eggs with Ham

Mix together 1 c. mashed potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. minced cooked ham, salt and pepper, and a beaten egg, then put in buttered individual bake dishes. Break an egg on the top of each, sprinkle with salt and pepper and little dots of butter. Bake till the eggs are firm.

Spanish Scrambled Eggs

Fry 6 slices of bacon, then remove from the pan. To the fat add 1 tb. chopped onion and a chopped green pepper, and cook till the onion is yellow, then 6 beaten eggs, 1 tb. Chili sauce, 1 t. Worcestershire sauce, 1 tb. cream or evaporated milk, and salt and pepper to taste. Stir and cook as ordinary scrambled eggs, serve on a platter garnished with the strips of crisp bacon. There may be too much fat left in the pan, for it to be necessary to use all of it for cooking the onion and pepper.

"Horns of Plenty"

Cut large thin slices of cooked ham in triangles, roll into cornucopia shapes, and fasten with tooth picks. Fill each with a vegetable salad, and lay on lettuce leaves. In the salad use a dressing made with considerable mustard, or which has had added to it a little horseradish (about 1 t. to a cup of dressing).

Summer Salad

On a platter arrange a bed of crisp lettuce. On it put little radishes cut like roses, cheese balls, some of them rolled in chopped parsley. Sprinkle egg-yolk, hard-cooked, and rubbed through a ricer over the salad, and around the edge put a border of the chopped eggwhites. Serve with salad dressing in a separate dish.

Tomatoes with Eggs

On a platter or large round plate, arrange alternate sections of firm ripe tomatoes, cut vertically as one would divide the sections of an orange, with hard-boiled eggs, cut lengthwise into quarters. Decorate with something green, such as cucumbers, sliced, cress, lettuce, etc.

Sliced Cucumbers

In actual food value, perhaps cucumbers furnish less than most of our vegetables or fruits, but they are crisp and appetizing, and are certainly enjoyed by those who like them and are able to digest them. A scalloped edge adds to the attractiveness of the slices, and may be done with no trouble whatever by holding the peeled cucumber in the left hand and with a fork in the other score the cucumber from end to end, all the way around it, then slice. The flavor is improved by allowing the slices to stand for a few minutes in vinegar, diluted if necessary. It is not wise to let them stand in salt and water, as this makes them soft and tough and indigestible. The vinegar also tends to remove any bitter taste which is

sometimes such a disappointment when one selects a nice crisp well-shaped vegetable.

Cabbage with Carrots

Cut young carrots in fine strips about $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 inches long, and cook 10 minutes in boiling salted water, then add twice as much new cabbage cut in fine strips and continue cooking till done, which will take about 15 or 20 minutes. Drain, saving the liquid for soup or gravy, and serve hot with butter and more salt and pepper.

String Beans and Cheese

For a hot main dish.

Cut the string beans in pieces, and cook. Drain and put in the serving dish, add salt and pepper and for a quart of beans, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. grated cheese and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cream or evaporated milk, lifting with a fork till well mixed, then sprinkle the top with an additional $\frac{1}{4}$ c. of grated cheese and set in the oven to reheat. The serving dish must be one which will not be injured by the heat of the oven. If the oven is not heated, the mixture may be warmed on top of the stove, put in a hot serving dish and the cheese sprinkled on top.

Jellied Vegetables

Soak 2 tb. gelatin in 1 c. of vinegar and water (about $\frac{1}{2}$ of each), add 2 c. boiling water, 4 tb. sugar, 1 t. or a little more of salt, and stir till dissolved. When it begins to stiffen, pour into a mold in alternate layers with a mixture of vegetables, which may be diced celery, shredded cabbage, cooked peas, beans, beets, etc. Serve with lettuce and salad dressing.

Hot Sandwiches

When men and boys must have something hot and substantial, hot sandwiches will solve the problem, by requiring but a few minutes of standing over the stove.

Mince cooked meat, such as ham or beef, season well, and spread on a slice of buttered bread, not too thin, cover with another buttered slice and press together. Make as many as are required and cover till time to prepare the meal. Have ready a mixture of 1 slightly beaten egg to each cup of milk, salt and pepper. Cut the sandwiches in squares, oblongs or triangles, dip in the egg-and-milk mixture and saute on both sides in a greased hot frying pan. Pile on a hot platter and serve at once, if wished with a border of hot vegetables.

Finely minced cooked beef, moistened with tomato soup or highly seasoned tomato sauce, is a good filling for such a sandwich.

Minced and moistened fish may be used for a filling, the fish being moistened with white sauce or tomato sauce.

Club sandwiches may be made with slices of toast, and between them any assortment of filling such as sliced tomato, lettuce, bacon, roast chicken, pork, beef, or thin slices of cooked sausages.

If Jewellers sold it~ they would call Sunlight 22 Karat Soap

JUST as it is possible to fashion a "gold" ring from part gold and part baser metals . . . so is it possible to make a soap from part pure soap and part substitutes. The Karat mark on the ring tells you of its purity, but what mark is there on soaps to guarantee their purity?

With Sunlight soap . . . the "karat" mark of purity is on every bar. It reads: "Guaranteed Pure and to Contain no Adulterant Whatsoever."

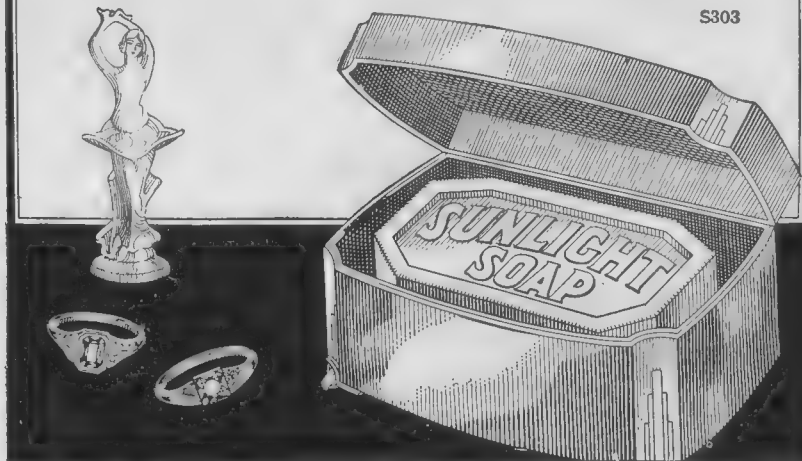
Sunlight is the only laundry soap with a standing money guarantee that it is *all pure soap*. Being pure, Sunlight dissolves readily—forming plenty of suds very quickly—suds which are lively and lasting. They wash *more* clothes beautifully clean without harm to fabric or colour . . . and Sunlight's pure, gentle suds never could roughen your hands.

Because Sunlight is all pure soap, it is the most economical. It makes more suds to wash more clothes.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

Soap makers by appointment to their Excellencies the Governor-General and Viscountess Willingdon.

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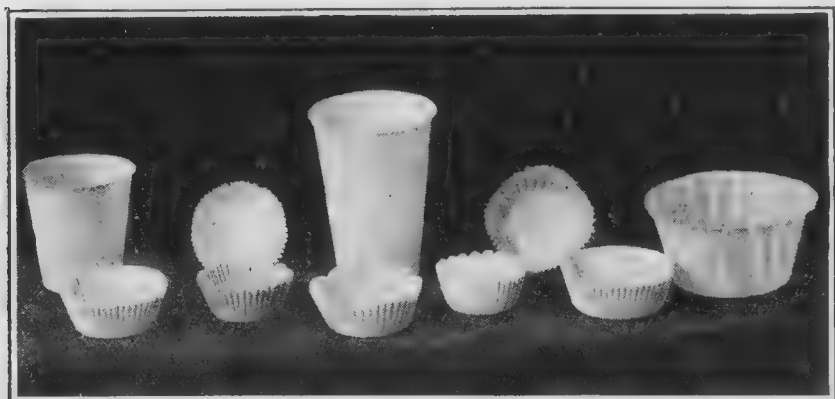
"Bucks" you up

There's something wonderfully refreshing about a steaming cup of delicious "Camp" Coffee.

Easy to make, too. Just add boiling water.

"CAMP" COFFEE

R. PATERSON & SONS, LTD.,
GLASGOW



Paper cases cost about twenty-five cents a hundred, and are a big saver of dish washing, either for baking cakes, or serving desserts and salads.



Quite the most
**ATTRACTIVELY
DRESSED**
child at any party

See your local dealer to-day; he will be able to supply you with suitable designs together with Clark's Anchor Threads in well over 100 different shades. Stranded Cotton and Strandsheen, 3 skeins (pull-out feature) for 10c. Pearl Cotton 15c. per ball.

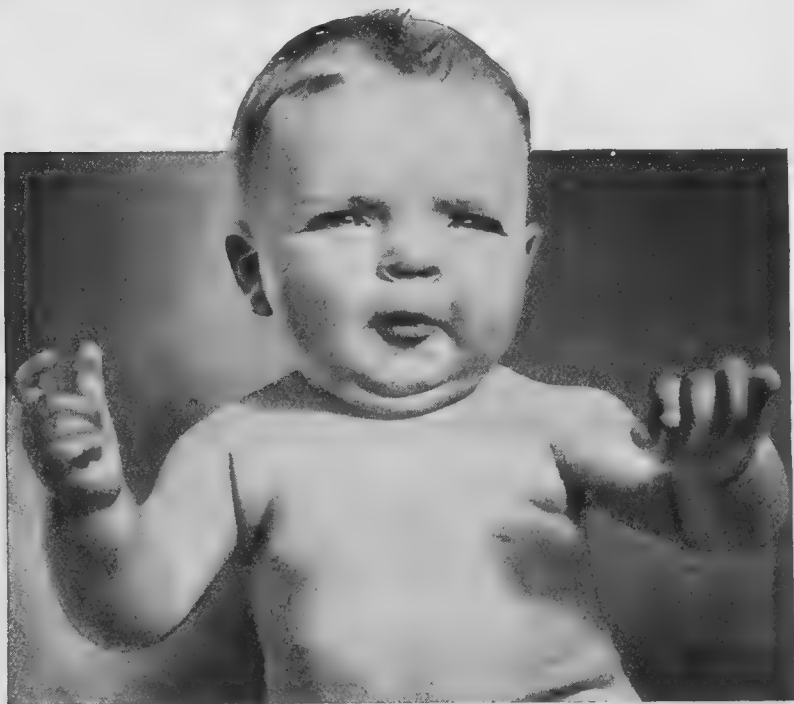
... wears just a simple little frock on which is embroidered some easily worked but nevertheless intriguing design. Take up the pleasant pastime of embroidery if you want your little girl to be exquisitely dressed at small expense. Buy Clark's color fast Anchor Stranded Cotton and your work will wash and wear almost indefinitely.

You'll find these sturdy silken threads so much easier to work—they cover the pattern so quickly. And the convenient pull-out skein will never knot or ravel.

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FAST COLORS

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"It feels so cool—so soothing"

JOHNSON'S Baby Powder is really a cream in powder form, and will keep Baby's skin sweet, soft, and cool.

Of proven purity, every mother can use it on the delicate skin of her baby with perfect confidence.

Its use prevents chafing between all rubbing surfaces.

Have you tried Johnson & Johnson's Baby Soap? Use it in conjunction with Johnson & Johnson's Baby Talc to keep the baby's skin in perfect condition. Adults too will find this combination good for their own skins.

A JOHNSON
& JOHNSON
PRODUCT

**Johnson's
Baby Powder**

MADE
IN
CANADA

Summer Modes to Emphasize



SEE PAGE 48

Feminine Charm and Beauty



You will find lasting protection in the new fitted, softer Kotex

Kotex deodorizes; Kotex is softer, more absorbent, and thus adds both daintiness and comfort to sanitary protection.

hospitals give. And it costs so little that home-made cotton and cheesecloth substitutes, far from being an economy, are actually an extravagance.

Kotex is disposable

YOU want a feeling of security and safety in sanitary protection. But you want even more than that, and Kotex gives you more.

And don't forget that Kotex is easily disposable. That alone has changed the hygienic habits of women all over the world. Once you try it, you, too, will change to this newer, smarter sanitary method. Kotex Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

First of all, it deodorizes, keeps you dainty, fresh, immaculate at times when that is doubly important. It is fashioned to fit securely. Under the closest fitting gown it is inconspicuous—a fact smart women are quick to appreciate.

Lasting softness

Kotex is so soft, so comfortable after hours of wear. Many pads may seem comfortable at first, but they soon become stiff and chafing. Kotex stays soft, because it is made of a most unusual substance, known as Cellulose (not cotton) absorbent wadding. This is the very same absorbent used by most of our great hospitals today. It is not cotton, but a cellulose substance which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton—with five times the absorbency.

When you think it over, the fact that great hospitals use Kotex is your most important assurance that it is best for personal use. Hospitals—with their high medical standards—are careful to use only the best, the most comfort-giving, the most hygienic protection for patients. By choosing Kotex you assure yourself the same care that leading

IN HOSPITALS

1. Most of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.
2. **Kotex is Soft**—Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
3. **Safe, secure**—keeps your mind at ease.
4. **Deodorizes**—safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5. **Disposable**—instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex 60c for 12
Kotex Super-Size 75c for 12

Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

MADE IN CANADA

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



For 3 FREE KOTEX Samples

Send this coupon to:—Ellen J. Buckland, R.N.,
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You may send 3 samples of Kotex and book, "Personal Hygiene", in plain envelope.

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Mail coupon now for
THREE samples of Kotex and
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hygiene... FREE.

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When the Soup is weak or thin put a little BOVRIL in

Strength Without Fat

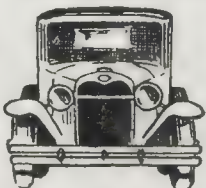


WIN \$1,500.00 AND A FORD SEDAN



Find 15 "S" Objects

◆ \$10,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES AND PRIZE AWARDS ◆



This New 1930 Ford Sedan Car given for Promptness to Winner.

There are many objects in the above picture, such as boy, clock, ladder, window, table, chair, etc. If you can find 15 starting with the letter "S" and send us your answer right away, you will be qualified for the opportunity to share in the \$10,000.00 in Cash Prizes and Prize Awards to be given away and will possess the key to as much as \$1,500.00 in Gold. Mail your solution AT ONCE and you qualify for a Ford Sedan Car additional for Promptness to the winner.

SEND YOUR LIST OF 15 "S" OBJECTS TO
United Merchandisers Limited
559 College Street DEPT. W TORONTO, ONT.

BE PROMPT - Mail Your List - to-day!

The Stronger Bond

Continued from page 38

and Mavis would be his. Mavis! His girl—his promised wife!

"Cheez! With you pitchin', the Leafs can't lose!" Donovan could almost hear the adoring little newsboy's voice. And twenty dollars meant a lot to Steamer...

The roaring crowd. Imploring, demanding. Mavis—his wife! Those little kids, and their money. Their faith in him. Mavis—

Through a red haze Donovan saw the swinging bat; the sneering grin of the eager, waiting slugger; the anxious signals of his battery mate.

With a savage snarl, Donovan brushed his gloved hand across his smarting eyes, then shot the hopping ball, fast out curving widely, into the catcher's yawning mit. A strike! Again he pitched—an unexpected slow ball, and the batter swung a full second before the ball arrived. Only one more ball to throw—could he make it? Donovan took an unconscious hitch at his belt. The catcher was asking for a hot one. Well, he'd get it. He'd get one with every ounce of power in Donovan's arm behind it...

The impact of that last ball, as it slapped into the catcher's glove, sounded like a pistol shot, and the catcher, who bragged the toughest palms in the League, yanked off the glove and nursed an aching hand. But the batter was out—on strikes. Pandemonium broke loose in the stands.

The Leafs went out in order, and then came the Lions' half of the ninth.

The frantic Lions, straining, snarling, jibbering in their consuming desire for a break that might win them back that one lone run that loomed crushingly above and around, wrecking their fond hopes of a championship. Donovan's vicious, darting speed turned back stars and pinch-hitters alike. Pitching to win—pitching for the shut-out that came!

DONOVAN slouched wearily to the club-room, pacons of victory of the frantic crowd sounding as death knells in his ears. Savagely he pulled away from acclaiming team-mates, and clamoring, hysterically admiring fans. Wrenching off his dripping uniform, he donned street clothes.

Outside, leaden-hearted, he gazed toward the seat in which Mavis had been. The girl had gone. Then Donovan saw her father, scowling menacingly and savagely thrusting his way toward him; at his heels were two vicious-looking men. They shouldered and pushed their way toward the pitcher, and sought to stay him. Fiercely he thrust them out of his way, and gained the street.

Hailing a taxi, Donovan sped to the hospital.

Steamer cried out joyously as Donovan entered the ward, and came to his bedside.

"I knew it, Mat; I knew you'd win!" he chirped gleefully. "In de eight, de Doc, here, says, 'He's slippin' in de pinch—he's wobblin'—de Lions is gonna win!' I tells him he's nuts!" he stopped, breathless.

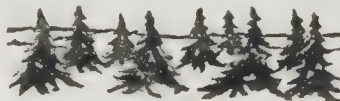
Then, more quietly, and with a look almost of reverence in his eyes, the boy added, "Cheez, Mat—we're in de Series! An' de kid brudder an' me doubles our twenty! Why, say, dat'll buy a whole drug-store of med'cin! Cheez, you're is some pitcher, Ma—Nix! Here's de dame!" The boy broke off suddenly, staring beyond Donovan.

The pitcher whirled, as Mavis Harris came swiftly to the little cot. With tears welling in her eyes, the girl seized Donovan's hands and held them tightly.

"Oh, Mat!" she cried, "I'm glad you didn't fall in with them! I wanted so to tell you—but Dad—I thought I could coax him out of it. When I learned that they had told you,—that I was a party to it—Oh, Mat! You didn't believe them? I told him they'd be fooled, that you were honest..."

"Little girl," said Donovan, confronting her squarely. "Don't call me honest—or praise me! I'm a coyote! Steamer, here, won the game for the Leafs, and—"

"ME?" cried the boy shrilly. "Oh, cheez!—hey, Doc! Come a-runnin'—I'm sufferin' a collapse!"



WOODWARD'S "Gripe Water"

Makes Babies Smile

When that sharp, sudden, unmistakable cry of pain arises, do not be alarmed, use Woodward's "Gripe Water."

It has been used for baby troubles with safety and success for more than seventy years. Woodward's is invaluable especially at teething time when a teaspoonful occasionally as directed will relieve the inflammation of the tiny gums.

For colic, flatulence, acidity, looseness, constipation and all disorders of the stomach and bowels, Woodward's "Gripe Water" has been a comfort to babies for generations.

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WOODWARD'S "Gripe Water"

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Bachelor of Science in Home Economics, B.Sc.(H.E.)
The Degree is from the University of Manitoba

The Diploma or Practical Courses For Young Women, open Oct. 15th
For Young Men, Nov. 3rd.

A public school education will admit to Diploma Courses.

A wholesome residence life features in a course at M.A.C.

Write to the Registrar for the Calendar, and full particulars of cost, qualifications for admission etc.

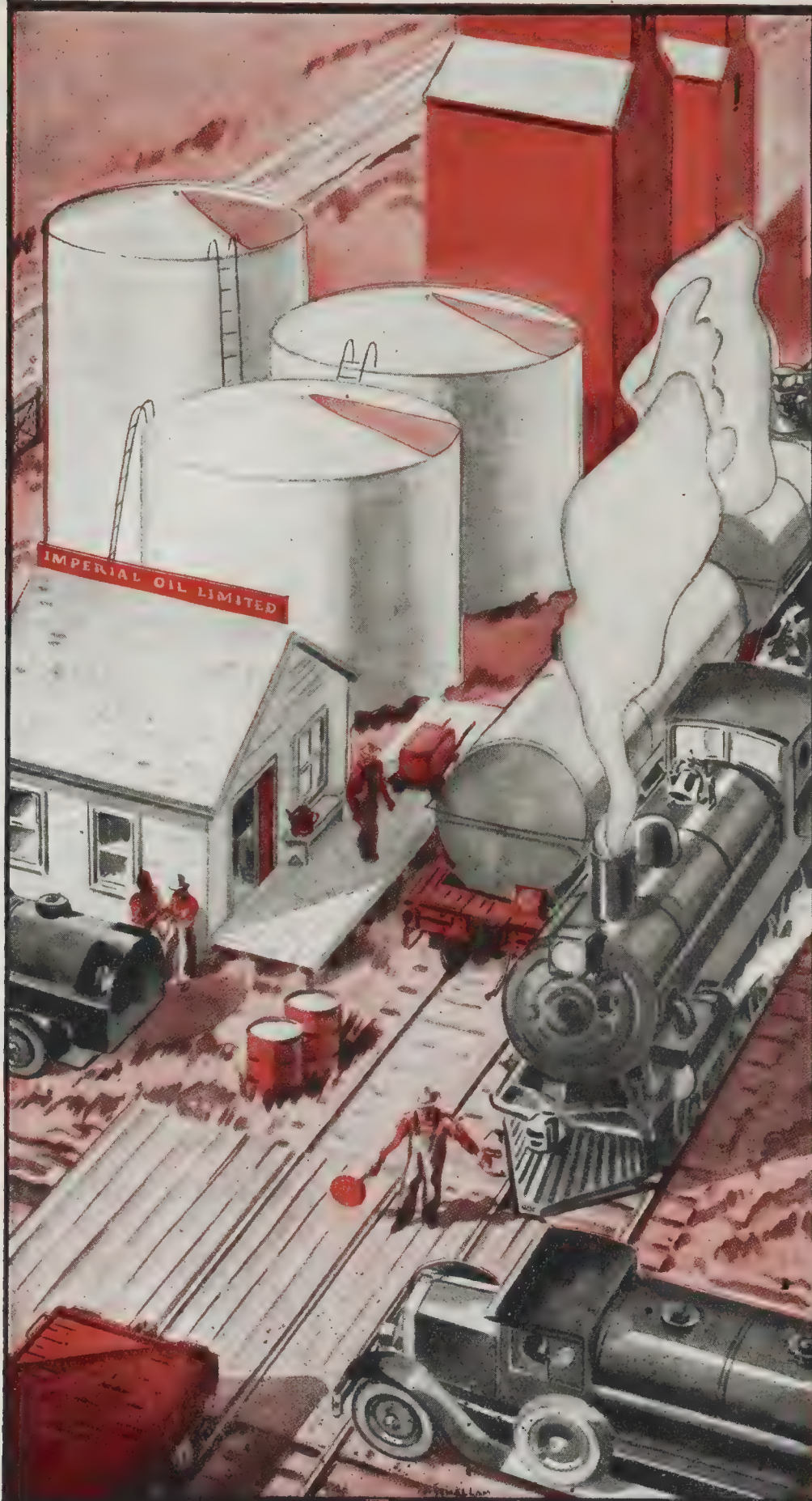
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Does your face burn and itch after shaving?

Try Cuticura Shaving Stick

It soothes and heals and is wonderfully efficient

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TWO THINGS THE TOWN MUST HAVE

The little prairie towns along the railway—there are two things they always have. One is the grain elevator. The other is the Imperial Oil branch station. Watch as your train goes through and you will see them—side by side.

They have to have both in the West. They must have an elevator to store their grain. And they must have oil and gasoline to help them sow and reap it, for the Western farmer runs his farm today with the efficiency of any other great industry.

Imperial Oil marched alongside the pioneer into the West. The farmer knows he can count on an Imperial Oil man to help him—anywhere, any time. And he knows that the gasoline and oil from Imperial tanks are the best he can get to do his job.

For fifty years Imperial Oil has been meeting new needs of transportation and industry.

Today its work is woven into the fabric of the country's progress—new efficiency for the farmer—caches for Arctic airmen—supply depots for the mines—service stations in every city and town—miles of tank cars—nine thousand men in its refineries, on its ships, in its laboratories, at its wells.

Fifty years of constant enterprise are in the products Imperial Oil sells today.

Marvelube is Imperial's finest motor oil.

Imperial Premier and Imperial Ethyl are its best gasolines.

Which means that nothing finer can be put in your car.



IMPERIAL OIL PRODUCTS

ALWAYS SO
MUCH BETTER

IMPERIAL PREMIER
GASOLINE
IMPERIAL ETHYL
GASOLINE
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School Re-opens September 9th. References Required. Calendar on Request

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PRINCIPAL
Established 1874

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FOURTH ANNUAL

Highland Gathering and Scottish Music Festival



Piper at the 1929 Highland Gathering

BANFF Aug. 29 to Sept. 1

A four-day all star festival of Highland dancing, music and sports by world-famous exponents of the ballads of Old Scotland.

Scottish Music Festival in the evenings at the Banff Springs Hotel by famous concert artists—Brownie Peebles, J. Campbell McInnes, Jean Haig, Enid Gray, and others.

And the Games—there will be piping—pibrochs, marches, reels and strathspeys. Dancing—Highland flings, Seann Triubhas, sword dances and reels, hornpipes and jigs. Field sports—Tossing the caber, throwing the hammer, putting the shot, tug-of-war, quoits, running and hurdle races, etc.

It is to Banff they are coming—Banff, the Braemar of America—Banff in the Bow Valley, set amidst everlasting snow-capped mountains—Banff with its great grey baronial castle. Banff Springs Hotel.

Low Railway Fares in Effect

Make Entry before August 22nd to J. W. Jenkinson, Secretary, Banff Highland Gathering, Banff Springs Hotel, Banff, Alberta

Ask for Booklet and full information, from the Ticket Agent

Canadian Pacific

World's Greatest Travel System
Carry Canadian Pacific Express Travellers Cheques—Good the World Over

Summer Modes to Emphasize Feminine Charm and Beauty

Continued from page 45

6895—Girl's Dress. Cut in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. A 12-year size requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 35 inches wide. For contrasting material $\frac{3}{8}$ yard is required 35 inches wide, cut crosswise. Price 15c.

6766—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. To finish with bias binding requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide. Price 25c.

6783—Girl's Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 12-year size requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material. The sash of ribbon requires 2 yards. Price 15c.

6733—Girl's Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years. A 2-year size with wrist-length sleeves requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 35-inch material. With short sleeves $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard is required. To trim with bias binding requires 2 yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide. Price 15c.

6786—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 38-inch material. Price 25c.

6855—Ladies' Dress With Slender Hips. Cut in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 46-inch size requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fullness extended is 27 yards. Price 25c.

6905—Girl's Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 35-inch material. The collar and cuffs of contrasting material requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 35 inches wide, cut crosswise. Price 15c.

6409—Ladies' Apron Frock. Cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. To make belt, pockets and vestee of contrasting material will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The width of the frock at the lower edge is 2 yards. Price 15c.

6840—Girl's Dress. Cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of material 32 inches wide. To finish with bias binding requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide. Price 15c.

6729—Girl's Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8-year size with sleeves, requires 3 yards of 39-inch material. Without sleeves $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required. For the sash of ribbon $1\frac{2}{3}$ yard will be required. Price 15c.

Midnight

By W. V. Newson

It is the hour when young Love takes his flight
From the high pinnacle of his delight
Takes his way Eastward where the night is new;
And cold Astarte fresh distils the dew
In dreaming gardens, where her Summer flood
Of light lips each pale flower and swelling bud
With borrowed magic, and with wondering eye
Looks down from her dark eyrie in the sky;
Time of night's noon when souls are born anew,
And each beholder, raptured in the view
Of shining worlds, dreams of unsleeping Time
And for a moment sinless and sublime,
Lifts up his head, unwearied, unafraid
Of destiny or death's undreaming shade—
Time of the old day's ending, and the last
Of storied days to pave the immemorial past.



Regina College

E. W. Stapleford, B.A., D.D., President

A Residential College for Young Men and Young Women. Residential life under Christian Supervision adds greatly to the cultural value of a College training.

DEPARTMENTS

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High School—Courses leading to Second and First Class Teachers' Certificates and Junior and Senior Matriculation.

Junior College—Complete courses (with options) in Second Year Arts, Second Year Science, First and Second Year Household Science, and First Year Pro-Medical under the University of Saskatchewan.

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Art and Expression—Excellent advantages for resident or day pupils. Fully organized department of Expression in affiliation with the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston.

Fall and Winter Course in Home Economics for young women.

The Board of Governors is offering ten open scholarships of One Hundred Dollars each in the various grades, including Second Year Arts, to students of exceptional ability. Write for information and application form.

Your boy or girl will be safe in Regina College. Fall term opens September 23rd, 1930.

Write for Year Book.

F. E. WAGG, M.A., B.D., Registrar
2,040-2,045 College Ave., Regina, Sask.

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Through its FACULTY OF MEDICINE courses leading to the degree of M.D. and C.M.

Through its FACULTY OF AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS courses leading to the degrees of B.S.A. and B.Sc.(H.Ec.)

Through MANITOBA LAW SCHOOL, an affiliated institution, a course leading to the degree of LL.B.

For terms of admission, details of courses and other information, apply to

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RENEWALS!

Quite a number of subscriptions expire this month. The heavy demand for copies renders it mandatory for us to discontinue service unless renewal is received promptly so right now might be a good time to send us that dollar. We are anxious to keep our circle of readers intact.

The
Western Home Monthly

Transition

Continued from page 20

you wait to save up your own—'cause, gee, who cares about earrings, and I bet your mother would get such a kick out of you coming, her indigestion would get better right away."

"Me!" said Peter. "Taking your money! Say—I'm no money-maker, but—well—there's a limit!"

"But, Pete—I dowanta scare you—but if they told her that before—and it's not like anybody's mother to worry a person for nothing—I dowanta scare you, but—"

"If I could pay you back next week, or next month, or—no, I can't take it, Cherry. A man has his pride! I tell you what I'll do. I'll write Doctor Jameson myself, and ask him how bad things really are—and if I have to go right away, I'll borrow the money from him—not from you! But doctors are fussy, they're always looking on the black side—"

"Borrow?" She laid her hand, strangely maternal now, on his brow. "Pete, forget it. You couldn't bear owing me money, I know that, you're a man. But—if I wanta give you a little present—'Cause I love you, I give you a little present—if you love a person you just *crave* to give 'em things—all the time, you just *crave*—so, if I give you a railway ticket, what's the difference, why should you—"

"If you want to make me realize just what a burden I am to my mother, still, at twenty-three, you'll keep on talking about giving me money—"

DOCTOR JAMESON'S letter was vaguely reassuring. Yes, there was something definitely wrong with Peter's mother's heart. A leaking valve. But lots of people lived to old age, with a leaking valve. People who, once warned, were careful. "There's no reason to anticipate anything just now. Your mother has been warned—and I think, this time, she'll be careful. I warned her six years ago, but she paid no attention, she'd always been so active, bringing up seven children. Don't let this upset your year's work, lad, your mother regrets having said anything, she tells me she just had a 'blue' day and felt she ought to tell you. She wants you to forget her letter, she says she had indigestion that day, and feels better now."

"Imagine how mad mother'll be at herself for telling me," said Peter cheerfully. "She always despised whiners and hated herself if she talked to us about her health."

It's hard to feel one's pulses pounding, and one's blood racing, and to be in love—and still remember age and illness and the end of things. Peter wrote his mother, very gaily, told her to rest a lot—"you angel lamb, you've earned it!"—told her he was "simply in the pink," and that he loved his work in the self-serve on Saturdays and during vacations. "I have a friend who works next door, and that makes it sort of pleasant," he told her, not knowing that for "friend" any mother of a boy of twenty-three would substitute the word "girl" and ache with the urge to see the "friend" of her son.

"Gee, I'm relieved there's nothing to worry about!" said Peter visiting Cherry in her mother's tiny apartment. And Cherry, with a little pucker between her brows, and an age-old look of Niobe in her sweet wide eyes, again stroked his forehead, kissed his lids, and sheltered his blond head on her gentle shoulder.

ONE evening when they took their usual stroll to visit the earrings, they were gone.

"O-o-o-o-oh, Peter!" A wail that shook Peter's heart. "I knew it would happen!" She whispered this, and he, looking into her sensitive face, saw that in spite of her efforts, her red lips were quivering. "Oh Pete, I'm a fool to care so much—but I never *craved* anything so much! They didn't seem like just earrings, somehow—they seemed like something I *ought* to have—I can't tell you—they seemed like—oh, as if they had something to do with me—with me, myself—with my life—oh, this is the bunk—I sound like a fool—but they seemed like part of my life—"

"Cherry, dear—" In spite of his sympathy, he felt a great impatience. Women! Such silly things they prized! "You're not going to cry about a pair of paste earrings!" [Continued on page 50]



NEW LOWER SCHOOL
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AUTUMN TERM COMMENCES SEPT. 11, 1930.

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**BENSON'S
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Transition

Continued from page 49

She held her head high. "And you're not going to tell me what I'll cry about and what I'll not cry about! Don't talk about them any more."

He wanted now to express his sympathy. "I'm awfully sorry you're disappointed dear—but it is the bunk to be upset about earrings—"

"I said it was the bunk. I know it's the bunk. If you think that helps any, that's because you're a man," she told him, and stared into the corner where the earrings had been.

NEXT morning before the pawn-shop opened, Peter was waiting at its door. The black-bearded one appeared around the corner. His key in the lock, "Goot-morning!" he cackled. Once more his knowledge of human nature seemed about to be good for business.

No, the earrings had not been sold nor claimed—merely temporarily removed from the window, to be cleaned—and to tantalize two young lovers who had been watched nightly by two small black eyes from behind a curtain, as they gazed, and craved the unattainable.

"Still blue about the earrings?" asked Peter tenderly, hanging up his coat in the little apartment where Cherry paid half the rent for her mother.

Her eyes were cold. "To sob about earrings—that's the bunk," she said. "We agreed it was the bunk. Why talk about it?"

"It sure was the bunk," he laughed and held out on the palm of his hand two glittering baubles which winked up at her. "Take them honey. Take them, they're yours!"

Slowly she laid her palm over his. "Peter!"

"Take them, dear. They're yours."

But again, in a whisper, just the one word, "Peter!"

"What's the matter, Cherry? Take them, dear!"

She withdrew her hand. "Peter! You spent the money for your railway ticket, to buy these for me!"

He flushed with embarrassment. "Well—need we talk about that?"

"Need we talk about it? The money you were going to use to visit your mother—after that letter of hers? Need we talk about it?"

"Cherry dear, for goodness sake—can't you see how you—don't you know this is embarrassing—"

"Embarrassing? What a silly word! Embarrassing? You listen to me, Peter! Once, you said to me, when I tried to give you something—you said, about the ticket I wanted to buy—you said, 'A man has his price!' You said that—about a railway ticket—when your mother thought that she was dying, and did everything but beg you to come home—that was her pride—she couldn't bear to whine, that was her pride! You were hurt and proud because I said to take my money and go home to her. And now—because I cried about those things—because—because—oh, don't stand there, holding those things out to me! How dare you hold them out

to me? How dared you spend your money on them? How dared you think I'd take them and stop your going home?"

"Cherry, darling—"

"I don't want to talk to you, I want you to go home," she said quietly. "I knew those earrings had something to do with pain and grief to me. I can't explain anything, I'm not educated, like you, I can't talk well. But I do know this—things—like those earrings, even paste things like that—when they get into your blood—when they make you crave—they have some special meaning in your life—they are all tied up with your share of pain, or joy—oh, I'm talking rubbish—this is the bunk—I can't explain—please go—will you, please? Please go!"

Without a word he went away and left her standing there.

But within an hour he was back, white around the lips, shaken to the core of him. He thrust out at her a yellow telegram.

"My dear—" she said, and took it from his shaking hand. It began, "I regret to inform you—" and ended with the home doctor's signature.

She sat on the arm of the big shabby chair in which he huddled, and talked to him.

While she talked, she stroked his hair back from his forehead with fingers maternal, compassionate.

"Peter darling, you're not going to grieve about it—not about her death, when she was so tired—"

"Not about death?" he asked. "Not grieve about death?"

"Listen, Peter darling. You know I'm sorry—I'm terribly sorry, because you're going to miss her letters for a while—for a while, Peter, just for a while, dear. But she was old—she was tired—she's been weak and ill a long, long time. And her work was done. She had no other interest in life than you boys. Seven sons. You'd all left her, you all love some woman better than you love her—"

When he raised his face in protest, she stooped and kissed his brow. "Oh, yes, dear, yes, you do. Even after that letter, you were more anxious to please me than you were to see her. There's nothing wrong with that, it's all right, it's natural. Don't you suppose she knew all that? She didn't resent it, her day of women couldn't resent it, it was their life, they just accepted it—and she was game. But don't you think it's silly to think that this is the tragedy? Peter darling, don't look at me like that. Her type of woman—caring for small children was her life—she's really been dead for years—ever since none of you needed her—to make a tragedy of the peaceful end of an emptied life—why, Peter, it's the bunk! That's all it is! It's just—the bunk!" She strained his bowed head to her breast. Her arms went closer around him. Her tears fell on his hair. "It's the bunk!" she whispered. And her wide young eyes, gazing over her man's head into the future, were the grave eyes of a thoughtful woman looking over women of the past.

The Chair of Charm

Continued from page 22

table with two small drawers, proves to have a top which opens—to reveal that its under-surface is a mirror, and in the compartments beneath, every toilet requisite is laid out, as on any well-appointed little dressing-table, for the use of the over-night guest. These little French toilet tables are seen in various charming forms—in all the fine woods, or in beautiful lacquers, and in small square size or in practically usual dressing-table size, with three separate compartments.

Of course these auxiliary furnishings are not true to my subject, chairs—but I am just rounding out the picture with them, the picture of the room which in my estimation must depend first of all, on its chairs (and the almost indispensable sofa) for comfort—and on the chairs and all their companion furnishings, for its charm.

THE third room that I want to paint for you as well as words will allow me, is the always-satisfying room with wide windows to admit lots of light and

air, a fireplace that burns real logs or coal, and chairs with chintz slip-covers, that go very far toward making a friendly, sit-and-enjoy-it type of room.

All the woodwork is in very dark brown stain, showing the natural grain of Georgia pine. The chintz has a striking pattern of something resembling conventionalized grapes, in rich brown tones and black, against a deep creamy ground—with big soft-petalled flowers in terra cotta reds and touches of soft blue and green. The rug is deep terra cotta, with a tiger skin before the fireplace which seems to repeat exactly something in the chintz. Small lacquered tables in Chinese red, and a rich self-patterned red wool fabric at the long windows, make this a remarkably glowing and warm-hued living-room in winter. In summer time, the heavy long curtains are removed and the simple cream net ones left alone; the tiger goes into oblivion, bright garden flowers are added in abundance, and the room tones down to quite a satisfactory key.

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Blue Thistle

Continued from page 11

creeper as it had been in Mrs. Threlbird's day. But there wasn't much time in 1918 for the workers who went in and out there to stop and tuck up the long swaying sprays that the wind had loosened. But Diana was doing it that morning, competently, possessively, just as if the house was her very own and as if she—well, loved it as a woman does a house. She leaned over and picked dead leaves and weeds out of a rather straggly window-box at the hall window and tucked them neatly under the step. She straightened the door-mat. Through those long instants Dakers watched her and I watched too. And on his face was the agony of a man forsaken and crucified.

Diana went in and we both started to walk towards each other, Dakers and I. "Queer to think of the old place being used like this, isn't it?" he said to me. Then, lest I had seen his watching, "I was just thinking of my mother, Cathy

I wanted to snap "Mother, nothing!" I wanted to sigh, "Oh, Dakers, what a poseur you are!" but, as usual, I changed the subject.

He walked with me that morning a long time and chatted brilliantly about nothing. But as I glanced at him now and then I thought his face looked terribly worn and haggard.

THE war ended. The following year Diana suddenly went off to Italy to join Evelyn and Jim Wood. They were married at last and taking a long holiday on Evelyn's money—the first holiday poor old Jim had ever had in his life. Diana was badly run down too with her war-work, Jim said.

One blustery March afternoon Dakers and I sat before the blazing wood fire that made my little shop so cheery and homelike a place. Pauline Roberts suddenly burst in upon us with a plump woolly twin in either hand. She at once deposited them completely in a clean snow-bank in the little back-yard.

"I've just had such a letter from Evie! All about Diana. I must read it to you two ducks."

I said "Dot!" Dakers was just saying he hadn't heard from Diana for weeks now.

Pauline chuckled. "No, I fancy you haven't. Just listen to this!"

She read, giving full value to Evelyn's lavish underlinings:

"Well, dearest Polly, we are all really in the grip of a great romance. It's Diana and the little fat Bishop of Cressington. I told you in my last how he is here at our pension convalescing, and how utterly charming he is. I hope Cathy's got his new book I told you of. She'll be able to sell a barrel of it now in Northroad. Of course you know what a figure he is in England just now. Jim's really quite mad about him and Jim—well, you know, Jim doesn't take much to the clergy! But of course we've known all about his war record and all his heterodoxy before that, and how he nearly lost his gaiters (or apron or whatever it is they do lose) over it. And he's such a good sport. My dear, it's simply amazing how such a short, plain man can have such dignity and charm when he comes into a room—and his utter fearlessness just shines out of his little, bright, brown eyes, honestly. And he's done everything, battlefields and prisons with pacifists, and visited famous monasteries as a guest of heaven knows what, and knows a Grand Lama from Thibet.

"But I must tell you about our scene on the terrace. I've told you about the terrace here and how wonderful it is—tucked into the hillside with the Mediterranean so blue below and the sky so blue above, and the silver cypress and olive trees? But I didn't tell you, I'm sure, that way up on top of the hill, hidden among the silver trees, is a little wee empty chapel shrine with a silvery old bell that rings once in a while. I don't know how or why, being a heretic, but it does! And the

Bishop and Diana were getting on like a house a-fire, all about Modernists and heretics, and the rest of us were just sitting around listening, and I was thinking of Dakers Threlbird and how I'd always believed she would marry him in the end and wondering —"

"Oh!" cried out Pauline in my book shop, "I didn't mean to read that bit, Dakers!"

"Go on," laughed Dakers. But I saw his hand clenched down beside his chair and if ever there was a betrayal in a human hand it was in Dakers' then. It had dropped outside his stage armor.

But Pauline went on reading the next page of the letter:

"Just then the chapel bell rang 'way, 'way up above us startlingly lovely and silvery. The old maid, Miss Agnes Manners, murmured very sentimentally: 'It's like a Pipe of Pan,' but Diana said, staring at the Bishop, 'No, it's like a little lost church nobody wanted.'"

"(And I tell you, Polly, frankly, it suddenly seemed as if Love was walking around on the terrace amongst us Love and Life like in Watts' pictures you know. I hope Cathy won't laugh at my poor way of telling all this. I expect you'll both think Italy has got into all our heads.)"

"Well, the little fat bishop got up and stood beside Diana's chair looking down at her and she up at him. He said in his deep beautiful voice: 'Let us go up and find it—together,' and they walked away up the hill together like two people in a trance, and nobody said a word. Diana looked absolutely beautiful. After quite a long time Jim rapped his pipe on the stone seat and said: 'Well, I'll be eternally damned!' and Miss Manners looked very shocked and we all went in.

"Later—"

"I couldn't finish this yesterday and last night Diana came in to tell me they are engaged and going to be married at Easter. So I'm glad I didn't mail this. She's just radiant! She says: 'Tell them all I am the happiest woman in the world.'"

"Just to try her I said: 'My word, Diana, he is splendid, but what a pity he's so short and fat, and plain, and—well—not young.' And she said: 'Evie—to me he touches the sky and lifts me up to heaven, and he's not afraid of Life or Death, and I'm not very young myself any more, so what more do you want?'"

"I thought of my poor darling earthy Jim and felt quite flat, I must say! I thought we were quite romantic before this Watts performance!"

We three in the book-shop were all silent for an instant. Then Dakers' laugh, hearty and forced, filled the place. "Good for Diana," he said.

He left very soon. I watched him walk up the street and gave a sigh of relief when I saw him turn in at the club. He was going to bluff it through and spread the news.

Pauline was chattering on contritely. "I shouldn't have blundered into what Evie said about Dakers. I do wonder if he ever was in love with Diana once. Well, we'll never know now. What big eyes he's got! They looked sort of glassy and blank today somehow. Well, I suppose we're all getting older, as Diana says. But I do think Dakers is the handsomest man I've ever seen. Fancy Diana going on like that about the sky and heaven and a Bishop. She was always such a heretic!"

"An honest doubter," said I absently. Pauline murmured: "And Dakers so very High—"

But Pauline's mind was on the Bishop of Cressington.

I got home to my rooms first that afternoon, but soon after I heard Dakers mounting the stairs to his. His steps in the hall sounded as if he was so tired he could hardly drag one foot after the other.

[Continued on page 54]



Why millions of motorists now stop at ETHYL PUMPS

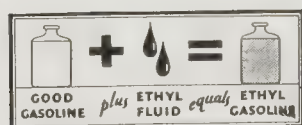
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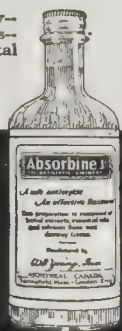
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Cleans
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M-3 MADE BY MAKERS OF Snowflake

Why I Hate the Lion

Continued from page 13

you'll see trouble hatching in Father's tawny hide!

He will crouch low. A black tail-tip twitches nervously from side to side. Then a thunderous growl—and the charge! This is in flying bounds of twenty or thirty feet, as fast as a race-horse. The huge eyes emit orange flames, the mane is a bristling halo around the devilish face. Jaws are gaping wide; all other four "mouths" (the eighteen claws) are now unsheathed from the velvet pads of peace-time.

The lion's paw-stroke I can only compare to a sledge-hammer fitted with razor blades. One blow will kill and tear almost anything that lives. No camp fire will scare off an adult lion. One night my big donkey was seized and dragged off within four feet of the blaze by which I was eating my supper! Another night, in the once-fabled Mountains of the Moon, three of my men disappeared in the dark with blood-curdling screeches, such as the "protectors" of Felis Leo have never dreamed of—more's the pity.

You can't lay down rules about the lion. Each individual has his own ways; what is certain is that he calls for meat and will have it, whether his meal be men or men's belongings. The huge sectorial fangs of both jaws work like a power-scissors, driven by maxillary muscles of prodigious power.

Two or three times a week this awful brute sets out to kill and gorge. His chorus-roaring in the troop is still a mystery to the highbrows—as it also is to us, his human neighbors in Africa. There is nothing in all nature so terrifying as that shattering prgy of sound. You can hear it for many miles; and heard close by, it would take the heart out of an army with banners.

Why does the lion often go for putrid carcasses, staring at the sky for foul birds poised over them? Nobody knows. Above all, what makes the hunting lion into a man-eater who prefers human flesh to any other? Again, none of us know. But certain it is, we can't keep cattle and negro servants where Felis Leo runs loose—often in troops up to forty—a sight that would have frightened Marshal Foch himself, and baffled all his tactics!

These troops—mute and vengeful—will follow the tribesmen who are making war, and take appalling toll of both sets of combatants or fugitives. Some of these pay no heed to the horrible tragedies they witness, but accept them with stoic unconcern as "all in the day." Nor is any man safe up a tree from a lion intent on a kill. I have seen a brute of 500 pounds skip up a sloping trunk as the leopard will, and grab a native gum-gatherer, killing him instantly with the usual skull-bite and paw-stroke of simultaneous crash. Then off into cover at a quick gait, with the limp black body

dangling from his jaws, exactly as the house-cat slips away with a rat!

In one region of the Kalihari Desert, the lions got into trouble through eating porcupines! The formidable quills pierced Leo's soft pads and quite disabled him, so that he soon crawled about, emaciated and dying. Or again, those terrible skewers would stick in a greedy throat. I once came upon a black-maned monster that was quite dead. My Hot-tentot tracker examined him, and said: "He's been eating mice!"

BUT I've said enough to convey that lions and white settlers cannot dwell together as African "friends." I recall a Kikuyu headman who came to me for aid after a notorious beast had carried off and eaten eighteen persons of his village! That sad savage described the beast minutely—even to a color-break on his dorsal stripe! The culprit's voice was known; his walk, and every habit and trick he had when stalking humans.

"Eighteen!" I yelled. "Why didn't you come here before?"

The chief could only gaze at me . . . As for oxen and sheep and pigs . . .

"Come to us, lord," that nude negro pleaded. "Bring with you the engines of flame and thunder, that my people may live and not die!"

I did . . . And while that huge yellow carcass was being lugged in on poles of the umbrella-thorn, wild-eyed women were setting up the weird "souka-wail" for a husband or son who'd met a dreadful fate not five hours before a shot from my .250 had broken the destroyer's back and dropped him, grinning and snarling, in the murderous leaps he was making at me, the savior!

"Just niggers," you may say. "Naked heathens and their scrub stock!"

True. But Africa can't get on without them. A fearful fuss is made when a lion "gets" a white man, as he did George Grey, a brother of Viscount Grey of Fallodon, Britain's Foreign Minister when the Great War broke out. Such pieces in the paper! Special trains and doctors, and all! But what of the brute who'd seized and devoured ninety-one of the blacks? Above all—what about us settlers, whose crops and flocks and herds depend upon native labor?

I say the lion must go, if Africa is to progress. If he ate "straw"—as the Bible jeers in a noted passage—I should not consign him to museums and zoos. But he eats everything that lives, from a cow to an ostrich, as well as the men, women and children who tend all these for us. In a word, it is "the lion or Africa"—just as it was (only much more mildly) "the buffalo or America!" Inevitably the outcome must be the same in both these cases of progress today.

Blue Thistle

Continued from page 52

I opened my door anxiously for a moment and listened. I heard him sink into his great Oxford reading chair, and then the crackling of wrapping paper. I had wrapped up some new books for him at the shop just before he left. One was a copy of Remy de Gourment's "Dream of a Woman," in translation. I had been rather amused at his eager seizing of it a few days before when I was debating whether to put it into the library or not.

"It's hot stuff, Dakers!"

"I'll take it out, if you don't mind."

And then today, after the reading of the letter, while Pauline was rapping on the window to summon the twins, he had said carelessly:

"Oh, by the way, Cathy, I think I'll buy this copy. I want to mark it." He had looked at me queerly, I thought.

I closed my door and leisurely dressed

for dinner, and then I heard the shot in his room.

Mrs. Peters was on the stairs. She met me beside his chair. He certainly had not bungled. She gave one look and fled to the telephone.

"He's blown his brains out, Doctor," I heard her say.

I stood looking down at Dakers Threlbird. He had jumped again, but this time more bravely, for suicide takes rather more courage than most cowardly acts. Beside him on the table lay "Dream of a Woman," with a paper-weight holding it open, and certain lines heavily scored in red pencil. I leaned over and read:

"If she loves me, I am hers. If not, I will withdraw into my tower and hang upon its walls among the witnesses of the past the blue thistle upon which yesterday she pricked her fingers."





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Children's Cosy Corner

By Bobby Burke

A SUPPLICATION

By Wilson MacDonald

Lord of the mountains dark with pine!
Lord of the fields of smoking snow!
Grant to this vagrant heart of mine
A path of wood where my feet may go,
And a roofless world to my journey's end,
And a cask of wind for my cup of wine,
And yellow gold of the sun to spend,
And at night the stars in endless line,
And, after it all, the hand of a friend—
The hand of a trusted friend in mine.

OUR SUMMER COMPETITION

DON'T forget the Summer Diary. A bird, an insect, a bug, a reptile for each week in July and August. I know these are going to be most interesting diaries, I'm afraid you won't hear who wins though

till the November number, UNLESS you all mail your stories on August 31st, addressed to

Bobby Burke,
The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Then we can tell you in the October number. In fact the prize winners will get their prizes before this. Don't forget, August 31st.

WE WANT

Some lovely verses to head the Cosy Corner. Send us in your favorite, and be sure you write not only your name and address on it, but the name of the writer. There will be a gold button for everyone whose verse is later printed in the Cosy Corner. We don't want you to write these yourselves, we want your favorite poem.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

John James Vair of Boundry Creek, Alberta, sent us some verses on Springtime. We will send you a button for these but it is rather late in the year to publish verses on Spring.

A letter from Mary Young of Austin, Manitoba, enquiring whether she should send in her stories for the competition each week. No Mary; save them all and send them in complete at the end of August.

Joan Hurley of Penticton, B.C., writes us an interesting letter. Joan is ten years old and is anxious to become a Cosy Cornerite. Welcome to our Cosy Corner, Joan. You are a member now and we hope you will soon win a gold button. Joan would like to receive letters from some of our other members.

Out of the Depths

Continued from page 15

ALL Britain was divided over this affair of Homer Joline. "Punch" showed the little man shadow-boxing with Fate. Some of the dailies (jealous, perhaps, of the Budget's rocketing boost!) made a mock of a project worthy of Broadmoor's inmates. Bishops wrote to "The Times" from Castles and Palaces (over strange Latin signatures) praying authority to take a hand in this wanton and futile holocaust of a gallant body and soul.

In the medical press great doctors came to wordy blows over the case, and "Nature" itself was convulsed by Fellows of the Royal Society who weighed the pros and cons of an Atlantic swim under the caption: "CAN IT BE DONE?" So familiar were It and He in this ebb and flow of angry polemics.

"Opinion on this side," the Chief imparted one day to the hiving Homer (who now sent all goods to a repository where the auction was to be held), "is that your feat is 'impossible'. And you know what they're calling you?" There was a world of patience in the young man's watery smile.

"It's diff'runt on the other side," he pointed out at last. "Cos they know. Looka this!" And with a mussy hand the lad thumped the nearest New York Sunday Supplement, which carried lurid pages of his Success—ay, and of a Failure, too, that burned brighter still with Joline all but down and out for the last Count, crawling up a blue cliff of ice after losing his way on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, what time his mysterious Brother turned haggard eyes up to him from a steel canoe that looked like a gasoline-can run over by a ten-ton tank.

"No, sir," quavered the wronged one. "'Impossible' is a word like 'Paverty' in th' Amurican dickshu'ry.—It simply isn't there! I've said I'll cross th' Atlantic. Or else I'll die. What more can a man say?" The Chief himself was dumb....

Signs were soon seen that the craze was passing, and needed poking into fresher flame. "It's time I was goin'," Joline wrote to New York—he sent out letters every day and all to the same person. "If I splashed in today and swam clear over to Sydney Harbour and back to the O'Connell Bridge in Dublin Town—I'd get nothing more out of these people than I've got! It's a funny world, Ruth; but you'll hear all about it in a week or two."

He announced his departure to the Other Side in a grateful "Ave Atque Vale!" written for him by the dramatic critic of the paper.... All that was possible had been done—over here. He had given of his best; and how his full heart saluted a noble Public who had come forward with both feet—so to say—morally, commercially and financially.

"Tell 'em Noo Yark is callin' me," was a nostalgic inspiration for his new scribe upstairs. "Then the ole folks at home need a sight o' me, an' the sound of a voice that may be f'rever stilled—or else go echoin' down the ages, if Gard wills it!... That ain't so dusty, is it, sir? I got it out o' the Kansas City Star."

The Editor himself was weary of it all. What he wanted now was to get the ground floor cleaned up before the wrecker of it

left him in the lurch. That tireless man had a grand send-off at Southampton, with the Mayor in his robes likening Mr. Joline to one of the gladiators of Old Rome saluting Caesar before he faced the horrors of the Coliseum.

And what an army of "specials" swarmed up there on "D" deck, from the "Morning Post" (a scoffer from the first) to the Paris "Gaulois," that wished Monsieur Joline far better luck than fell to Woodrow Wilson in his plunge into the raging flood of European politics that slew him!

BEFORE the Statue of Liberty loomed out of a Prohibitive Land, tugs went busting down the Bay to meet the Apostle of a Great Perhaps.... My, but he looked prosperous, the reporters found! His overcoat cried Savile Row in the loudest of checks. His hat was of Piccadilly mould. An awesome cobbler of St. James's had made notoriety's shoes; and none of these had charged a cent, deeming it a privilege to serve a man who'd looked Death in the eyes and turned the dread scythe into a safety razor, so utter was his unconcern. What a pity that a garment of grease was to be his only wear in the dreary duel that loomed ahead!

The reporters pulled their hero about as children might a doll.

"There's big money in this Ajax stunt," declared one.

"Say, bud," piped another. "Whereja get that headlight in your tie?"

"And that dandy diamond ring?"....

"Hey, there—a gold cig'rette case? I guess King Gorge put your name in it 'longside his own!"

"They're all in the swim," was the Syren man's way of summing up these gew-gaws of sudden prosperity.

Joline received such sallies with dignity, as a lion might suffer the scampering rats of his cage. And having doled out photos and typed sheets, he entered a sumptuous car to drive up the vast canyon of Lower Broadway—pinching his agent's arm as he went, with the ecstatic sigh of that disciple on the Shining Mount: "It's good for us to be here!"

Alone in his suite at the Plaza Hotel, Mr. Joline "occupied" the rooms demurely, yet as to the manner born. The band downstairs was playing for him! These knee-breeched flunkies of an alien breed! Those dainty maids in black silk and lace, with Titania's tread upon velvet carpets! All these grand ladies and money-lords—all, all were less than the dust beneath Homer's chariot wheel today....

"Well—I—should SAY!" bubbled Homer himself, sinking up to his chest in a divan-chair.... that seemed to go down and down—until he hopped out of it with a distressing sense of the Atlantic Ocean!

There was a knock at his door, and a trained voice announced:—

"A lady to see you, sir."

"RUTH!... Why, it's my—own—darlin' Ruth!"

The girl flew into outstretched arms in a broken passion of tears.

"Wha's the matter? Ain't yer popper well?"

"He's all right."

"An' Gerrie? An' li'l Alvin? An' Poppy? An' baby Joe? An' yer dear ole mother—Gard Bless—!"

"They're all all right! But O, honey—how we've worried over your letters, and all that stuff in the papers. We couldn't get head or tail out of it!"

"Don't cry! I thought I'd find you all smiles. Why, I've swum there an' back, an' all round England an' two cont'nents besides!"

"You won't go 'way now, dear?"

"What? After jus' comin' out o' the ocean? Not on your life, my pet! It's all over now! Yes,—an' so's all that hangin' about the docks f'r a jarb. An' that piggin' it in the fo'c'sle with a tin mug o' cocoa an' a mess o' rotten pork an' wormy bread. Shout 'Hooray' f'r me, Ruth! I jus' got wads o' money; an' I'll make a heap more afore I sink into privit life in the light o' your darlin' eyes! I mean on the movies; on circuit an' stage, as well as in all our noospapers. HOORAY!" She was afraid the servants would come running in to them!

"You gotta jarb, I s'pose?" he put to her when sanity came back.

"Thutty darlars," Ruth nodded. "In Macy's store."

She had dried her eyes and done deft repairs with tiny tools fished out of her bag. So now she could feast her eyes on the idol of both hemispheres—who defied her to say what he had done to deserve this rich smoke of worship?

"Ain't you all dolled up? And housed like Rockafella!" She was gazing every way in awe and wonder at it all.

"Whatcha goin' to do now, Homer?"

"Reap the last patches of harvest, an' then—"

"Into the sea, I guess!"

He assented gravely, and a surge of fear eclipsed the shy smile of her maiden eyes.

"Yes," the young man pursued, clasping his love still closer. "The sea o' matrim'ny! Then we'll go down to Bald Knob an' have the time of our lives with the folks."

"Shall we have a farm—or a store in town?"

"Wait till the summer comes, an' we'll see." His telephone was now calling shrilly.

"They's a bunch o' business guys down there," he told her. "Wait f'r me in there till I tell 'em off an' see what's in 'em all f'r US! We'll have the rest o' the day to ourselves, so we c'n go down Broadway f'r a nice dinner an' a show. Is it great, love? Is it GREAT?"

* * * *

A few weeks later, after a very hectic harvest covering thousands of miles, Mr. Joline opened an early-morning message from the "Daily Budget" of London: "Cable actual date of commencing swim—Urgent!"

He replied at once:—"Tomorrow! But since all elements favour, we have decided to strike out together on this side!"



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Sports and Politics

THERE is nothing said oftener nowadays by men past middle age than that people do not take as keen and sustained interest in politics as they used to. Democratic government presupposes a continued interest in politics on the part of the citizens. But most of us nowadays are most deeply interested, of course, in our own immediate affairs, and then in some form, or forms, of sport, in automobiles, or radios, or other things, with politics far down in the list—though politics should stand with our own immediate affairs, as being of primary importance to the welfare of every one of us. In this connection there is nothing so remarkable as the increasing absorption in sports, and especially in news about sports and endless discussions about sporting events and personalities. The *Philosopher* can remember when the newspapers paid very little attention to sports. A page devoted to sports was then a thing unknown. Now every newspaper in every city has pages and pages about sports in every issue, and frequently there are large type headlines across the top of the front page about some sporting event—prize fight, or horse race, or golf or tennis competition, or what not—showing that the public are believed to be more interested in sports news than in any other news, whether local news or world news. In ancient Greece Solon said that if the mass of the citizens left politics to the politicians, all would not be well with the state. That will always be true of any country in any age.

A Lesson From a Bear

IN A MAGAZINE article about Jasper Park there is an amusing account of the behavior of some tame bears there and of their remarkable powers of absorption of peanuts and other eatables fed to them by tourists, who delight also in giving them bottles of summer beverages to wash down their snacks with. "One bear," the article says, "after drinking what is in the bottle, which he holds to his mouth between his paws, standing upright like a man, points the bottom of the bottle straight up to the sky at last, so as to drain the last drops out of it, and then hands it back empty to the giver, instead of throwing it on the ground, as the other bears do." In not throwing the empty bottle to the ground, that bear furnishes an excellent example in good behavior, which some tourists need to have brought to their attention—and *The Philosopher* does not by any means intend this to apply only to some tourists from the South, but to some Canadian tourists as well. Now you may ask: Why does the bear do that? Of course, somebody may have amused himself teaching the bear to do it. But in any case, a bear's mind and its workings, like all other minds and their workings, are a mystery too deep for any science or any philosophy to fathom and explore and lay bare.

Local Historical Pageants

THE historical parades, with floats, with which the Diamond Jubilee of Manitoba was celebrated at many points throughout the Province on July 15th recalled for all who saw them the celebration of the Dominion's Diamond Jubilee in all the provinces three years ago, and gave proof once again that the thing of greatest value in them, after all, is that they are truly local—everything for them home-made, the performers in them local men, women and children and the spectators the people of the locality. The work of preparing them was a community work and brought the local people together in a new way for a common local purpose. Such work, which is pleasure, and such

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The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

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celebrations do more than interest and entertain the young and revive cherished memories for the old. In that way is fostered and strengthened the true spirit of attachment to the place which is home. In family life, in home life, in the life of the locality are the roots of the truest patriotism.

What Nobody Dreamed of Then

THE diary of the editor of the London Daily Express, Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld, beginning with the Golden Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1887, and ending in 1914, with the beginning of the Great War, is one of the most interesting books which *The Philosopher* has received in a long time. He, too, remembers that Golden Jubilee. Describing the pageant in London, the Diary tells of "the lordly grandeur of the many hundreds of splendid equipages — landaus, barouches, victorias, curricles and private hansoms — the powdered and bewigged footmen in front and behind, the red, blue and yellow plush breeches and silk stockings of the funkeys, the beautiful, glistening horses, the jingling, glittering harness, with flashing gold-plated buckles—all like a fairy tale, when I look back at it now." In 1890 the Diary tells of a lady riding a bicycle in laces and flounces and getting her skirts tangled and coming down with a crash. "My tailor tells me," says the Diary, "that women refuse flatly to wear short skirts, for fear of exposing their legs." A few years later Lord Carnarvon, on being arrested for driving "a horseless carriage" at a speed of twenty miles an hour, predicted that a time would come when there would be no more horse omnibuses in London—"a dreamer's prophecy," the Diary says. So might it have been said of a prediction made at Fort Garry sixty-five years ago — if anybody had dared to make such a prediction—that in 1930 people would travel about Winnipeg in cars driven by electricity, brought mysteriously on wires from rapids on the Winnipeg River nearly a hundred miles away, and in other vehicles with air-filled tires on their wheels, propelled by internal combustion engines using fuel distilled from a liquid known then in the Red River settlement only to the few who had the new-fangled coal-oil lamps that were destined to supersede candles made from buffalo tallow.

Stories

ENTHRALLING and never to be forgotten is the spell which the words "Once upon a time" can weave for us when we are children. And stories can inspire us in youth and give us dreams of beauty, as well as adding to our knowledge. In our middle age stories can give us entertainment and they can instruct us, too. And they can solace us in our old age. Stories take us out of ourselves; they carry us beyond our immediate environment, they can enlarge our lives by broadening our understanding and widening our sympathies. No person whose heart and mind are still alive can become so completely disillusioned with life, so tired of the world, as to be entirely beyond the power of the spell of the storyteller. Stories help us to live imaginatively. We live for the time with the characters of the story which absorbs us and we feel with them. We become conscious of possibilities in ourselves which are buried by the circumstances and conditions of our lives. In ways that we cannot express adequately in words, even to ourselves, we catch enlightening glimpses into other lives and into the mystery of all human lives. There can be real comfort and companionship and illumination in stories. And that is why *The Western Home Monthly*, with its stories that speak to hearts and minds, is so welcome a friend to so many readers.

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easy to take the kind of picture you want.

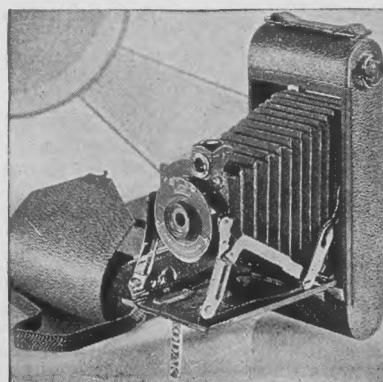
Brownies . . . genuine Eastman cameras . . . cost as little as \$2.25. Kodaks, themselves, may be bought for \$5. And Kodaks Petite . . . smart, compact, colorful little cameras with a touch of Paris about them are priced at \$8.00, with case.

Decide today to catch those flying moments that some day you'll want to call back again. Visit the nearest Kodak dealer—there's one not far from you, wherever you are—and see the remarkably fine, surprisingly

inexpensive Kodaks and Brownie cameras he has to show you.

He'll supply you, also, with the always dependable Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box. It gets the picture . . . clear, crisp, sparkling prints that make the most of every subject. This film is really snap-shot insurance because of special features that guard against both under- and over-exposure.

Try it . . . in a modern Kodak . . . and see how many picture opportunities there are that you'll be glad you didn't miss. Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto.



The camera at the left is the Pocket Kodak Jr. No. 1, for $2\frac{1}{4}$ x $3\frac{1}{4}$ pictures, \$9.25; case \$2.50. No. 1A, for $2\frac{1}{2}$ x $4\frac{1}{4}$ pictures, \$10.25; case, \$3.00. Available in blue, brown, black and green.

What the World is Saying

More Power To It!

The purchasing power of the dollar is increasing.—Canadian Finance.

And We have to Listen the Same Way

Unfortunately, too many musicians play by ear.—Ottawa Citizen.

A Vacant Mind, Rather

We have an open mind when we don't care one way or the other.—London Saturday Review.

Because It Wasn't a Prairie Schooner

Noah was lucky in the ark. He didn't have to put up with dust storms.—Regina Leader.

And Cutting Hay, for Seasickness

A sea voyage is said to be an infallible cure for hay fever.—Toronto Globe.

And What a Lot of Applesauce We Hear!

Apples can be served in more ways than any other fruit.—Vancouver Province.

Try One for That Limp Feeling

Starch baths are the latest thing recommended by health specialists.—Victoria Colonist.

Many Times, When She's

Hanging Pictures

Many a woman has helped her husband to the top of the ladder.—Manchester Guardian.

If a Dog Star, It Might Be "Ponto"

It has been decided to call the recently discovered planet "Pluto."—Montreal Gazette.

To Wave at Trans-Atlantic Fliers?

Newfoundland has imported close upon 100,000 hats already this year.—Industrial Canada.

They Are in the Same Class

At that, the back seat driver is no worse than the armchair housekeeper.—Fort William Times-Journal.

A Proof of Prehistoric Carefulness

Ashes of a camp fire 20,000 years old have been discovered under a rock in Nevada.—Scientific American.

Can It Be Spinach in Disguise?

Tendergreen is the name of a new vegetable now being produced in America.—Glasgow Herald.

It May Be on the Payments

Losing control of the car may not be because you are too far down on the accelerator.—Fargo Tribune.

Are Such Clothes Coming Into Fashion?

A writer complains that the modern girl spends too much money on unnecessary clothes.

No Naval Conferences Needed There

The astronomers have decided that there is no sea on the planet Mars.—London Spectator.

And Also, We Note, Screenfuls of Talk

A famous Hollywood film star, we read, has "erected a wall of silence between her and the rest of the world."—Calgary Herald.

One Consolation of the Elector

Well, it's much easier to turn off the radio than to get out of a political meeting in the middle of a speech.—Kitchener Record.

Will They Do Permanent Ocean "Waves?"

"There are openings on ocean liners for women hairdressers," says the advertisement of a concern which teaches women hairdressing.—Brooklyn Eagle.

If We Believe What We See in the Papers

One of the strange things of life is that every centenarian either has smoked a pipe and drunk whisky all his life, or hasn't.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

Sometimes It Looks Not Improbable

We don't suppose the time will come when everyone will run a filling station, and the population will live by selling gas to one another.—Hamilton Spectator.

If It Were Only Impossible!

The leader of one of the best known jazz bands in New York says that it is not easy to learn to play the saxophone. Which confirms our suspicion.—Brandon Sun.

And of Pullitital Forces, Too

Canadian politics, like politics in every other land under the sun, consist largely of the action of fundamental forces in human nature.—Ottawa Journal.

Did He Get the Postage Stamp?

A man in Herefordshire who left his home two years ago, saying he was going out to buy a postage stamp, returned recently. His family had heard nothing of him in the two years' interval.—London Daily Mail.

Remarkable Domestic Budget Figures

Mayor Wemp, of Toronto, says that women spend 82 cents of every dollar the husband earns. What most husbands would like to know now is what their wives do with the other 18 cents.—Chatham News.

But How Can a Boot Put Out Its Tongue?

That people should consult their bootmakers in regard to their boots, as they do their doctors, was advocated by a speaker at the Boot Trade Conference at Hastings.—London Economist.

One More Good Word for Good Old Dobbin

It must be remembered, moreover, in favor of the horse, as against his supplanter in this gasoline age, that he didn't leap aside and attack a telegraph pole when a bee stung his driver.—Niagara Falls Review.

Thinks Well of His Anatomy, No Doubt

A bold gentleman in England says that because he was four years in a Scottish regiment he knows as much about short skirts as the ladies do. Some handsome chap, probably.—Quebec Telegraph.

Real Hoboes Are Seldom So Romantic

The young ladies have been singing a good deal about vagabonds recently, but usually when they actually meet one, the headline goes this way: "Girl Flees Tramp."—Toronto Mail and Empire.

When Traffic Makes Way for Him

"The pedestrian should have the right of way," says a writer. Well, all traffic moves aside at the clang of the gong of the ambulance on its way to the hospital.—Kansas City Star.

When We Can Blush Unseen

Another nice thing about a radio sermon is that people don't turn and stare at you when the preacher denounces your pet delinquency.—Brantford Expositor.

A Case for Proportional Representation

In a London building containing two hundred apartments a radio set has been installed to serve them all. Whether the tenants meet in convention to select the programmes or not, is not stated. Perhaps they have a referendum. Boston Transcript.

His First Hundred Years

A Glasgow centenarian attributes his age to the fact that for the first 70 years of his life there were no motor cars, and for the last 30 years he has been confined to the house.—Glasgow Times.

Ye Editor Is One Himself, In Fact

The average man is neither ignorant nor highbrow. He isn't perfect morally, yet he isn't wicked. He isn't rich, but manages to get enough money together to educate his children. He isn't profound in his opinions, but he has considerable common sense. The average man is a pretty good sort.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Do They Never Sing a Vodka Boat Song?

The Russians are a most remarkably musical people. A gang of Russian workmen will sing at their work. Nor do they require the stimulus of alcoholic beverages to make them sing, as some other people do.—Belfast News-Letter.

Can You Answer This? Neither Can We

A prominent financier in New York estimates that American women last year invested we forget how many million dollars in worthless "securities." When will women, foolish as they are and inexperienced in business, learn not to imitate men?—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

But He Had Better Not Try It

The old-fashioned man who had the impulse to reach out and button up the one the lady ahead had missed in the back of her dress now has a fiendish desire to get the scissors and cut off the ends of the skirt that are hanging out.—Peterboro Examiner.

And When the Half is the Better Half?

According to Mr. Robert H. Coates, chief of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics at Ottawa, the actual value of a man to the country is \$32,000, and of a woman, half that amount. But how can any official, or anybody else, price-tag human beings in this wholesale way, or, indeed, price-tag them at all?—Montreal Devoir.



At Lake Louise

But Will Their Jaws Be Less Active?

A dental authority declares that unless people regulate their diet better, their descendants in a few generations will have smaller jaws.—Duluth Herald.

Aren't Traffic Problems Remarkable!

"Every time you cross Regent Street," says a paragonist, "you are walking over the heads of Tube passengers." In the Tube itself you are walking over their feet.—London Daily Telegraph.

And a Proverb Would Have To Be Changed

The owner of a Great Dane which chased a doctor over a wall has been ordered to keep the dog under control. Otherwise, of course, the dog in question would be like an apple a day.—London Daily Express.

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THE NEW FORD SPORT COUPE

THE new Ford has been designed and built to give you many thousands of miles of faithful, economical service. Beneath its flashing beauty of line and color—in those vital mechanical parts which you may never see—is a high quality of material and accuracy in manufacturing. The reliability and capable performance of the car, in all weather and under all conditions, make it a particularly good choice for long, constant use. It stands up under the added strain of bad roads and hard daily service in a way that has always been characteristic of the Ford car. The experience of the passing months will increase your satisfaction in its performance and confirm your first impression that it is a value far above the price. « « « « « « « « « « « «

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“THE CANADIAN CAR”

if you want to please Men - Serve Dishes like These !



Charming women, who have studied the art of pleasing men, know that one of the easiest ways is to give them tasty, good things to eat.

What manner of man would not appreciate brown-crustured biscuits or feathery light muffins for to-night's dinner!... What man would not welcome a heaping plate of golden griddle cakes for tomorrow's breakfast!

Nearly every man acclaims dishes like *these*, particularly the light wholesome kind that can be made with Magic Baking Powder.

Three out of every four* Canadian housewives who bake at home say they use Magic because it gives consistently better baking results.

Try Magic Baking Powder the next time you bake—and you'll see the reason for Magic's tremendous popularity wherever home baking is done.

*This fact was revealed in a recent Dominion-wide investigation.



Look for this identifying mark on every tin. It is a *guarantee* that Magic Baking Powder does not contain alum or any harmful ingredient.



GRIDDLE CAKES

1 quart flour	2 tablespoons short-
3 teaspoons Magic	ening
Baking Powder	1 egg
1 teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons molasses
2 tablespoons sugar	1 pint milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients; beat egg, add milk and molasses, pour slowly on first mixture; beat well. Add melted shortening. Cook at once on hot, well-greased griddle. Serve with Maple, Caramel, or Brown Sugar Syrup



TEA BISCUITS

4 cups flour	2 tablespoons butter
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	2 cups milk (or enough
3 teaspoons Magic	to make a soft dough)
Baking Powder	

Sift together two or three times, flour, baking powder and salt. Rub in butter with tips of fingers, then add the milk to make a very soft dough. Do not roll out, but drop into well-buttered tins and bake in a hot oven.



MUFFINS

1 tablespoon butter	3 teaspoons Magic
2 tablespoons sugar	Baking Powder
2 eggs	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
$2\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour	1 cup sweet milk

Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs one by one, beat well. Sift dry ingredients together and add to first mixture alternately with milk. If batter not stiff enough, add a little more flour. Put in well-greased muffin pans and bake for 20 minutes in a quick oven.

If you bake at home, the new Magic Cook Book will provide you with a wealth of practical time-saving baking suggestions. It contains over 200 interesting *tested* recipes. Just sign and send the coupon and a copy will be mailed to you.

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